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Vol. CCV, No. 2678
JUNE 9, 1951

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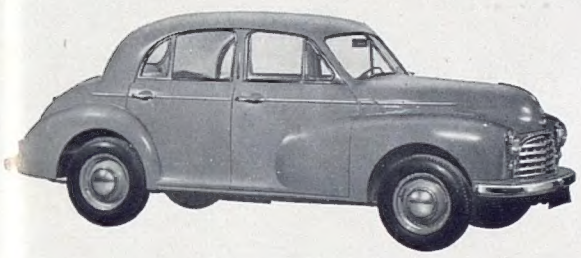

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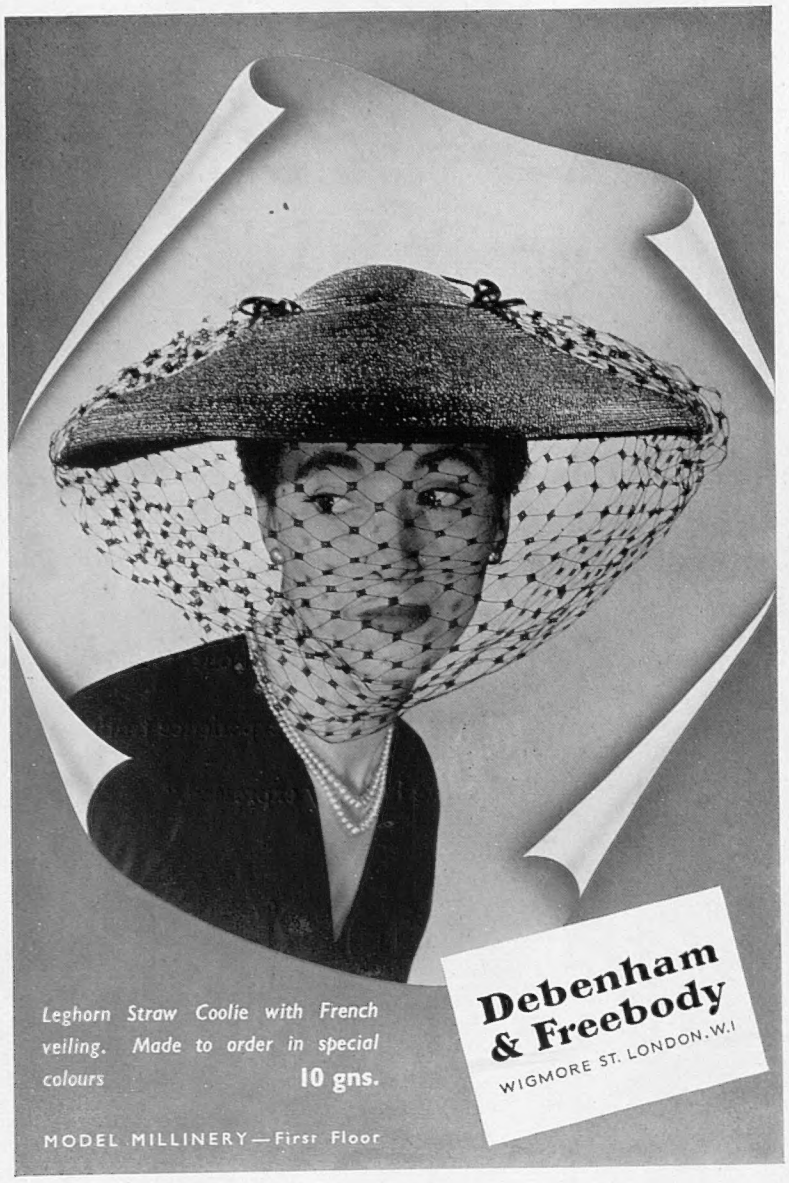


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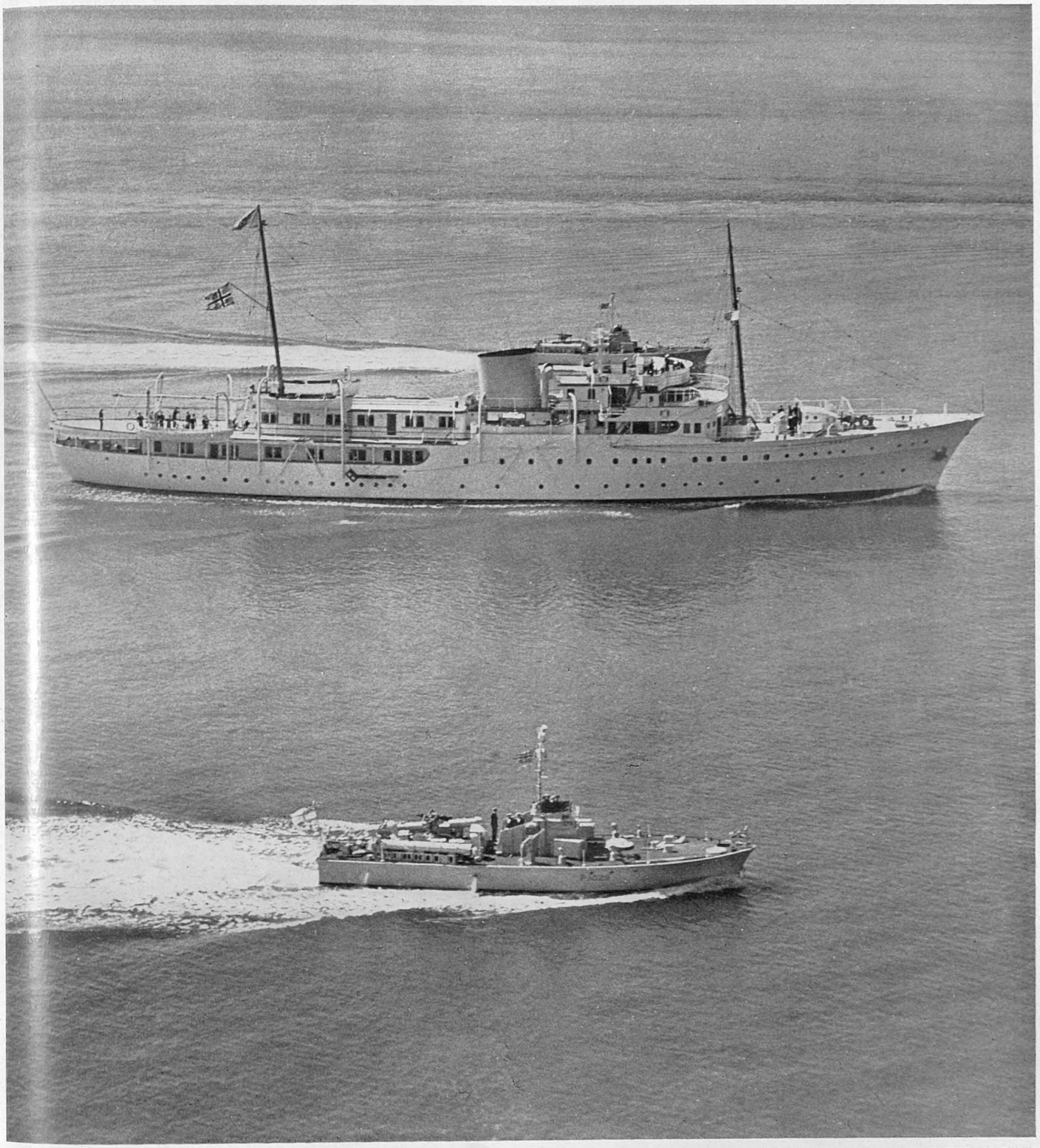
Volume CCV No. 2678 The SPHERE, London, June 9, 1951

The SPHERE
WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED "THE GRAPHIC"
THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY



**THE VISIT OF THE KING OF NORWAY—THE NORWEGIAN ROYAL YACHT "NORGE," WHICH HAD BEEN MET IN THE NORTH SEA AT 6 A.M. BY AN ESCORT OF THREE BRITISH DESTROYERS, SEEN AFTER LEAVING SHEERNESS LAST TUESDAY MORNING AS SHE PROCEEDED WITH A MOTOR-BOAT ESCORT UP THE THAMES TO THE BATTLE BRIDGE BUOYS, BETWEEN TOWER BRIDGE AND LONDON BRIDGE: King Haakon, who was starting a four-days official visit to England, was met at the Tower by the Duke of Gloucester, representing the King, and the Duke escorted him in the Royal Barge to Westminster Pier, where the Queen, Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret and the Duchess of Kent were waiting to receive him. Then followed the carriage procession to Buckingham Palace.**

King Haakon VII of Norway, so well known to the British people by reason of his long sojourn here during the war years, and linked by ties of marriage with our own Royal family, having married the daughter of Edward VII, received a fitting welcome when he came to London this week. After journeying up the Thames into the heart of the capital, he was escorted by the Duke of Gloucester to Buckingham Palace. It was arranged that the official visit should last four days, ending on Friday of this week. Among the arrangements for the visit were a drive to Westminster Abbey to place a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior, attendance at the opening of the Royal Tournament and at the King's birthday parade on the Horse Guards. Visits to the South Bank Exhibition and the Festival Hall were also included. It was in 1896 that King Haakon was married to Princess Maud at Buckingham Palace—a ceremony attended by Queen Victoria. The last time His Majesty was in London was in 1947, when he was present at the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh. King Haakon's yacht *Norge* was a gift to him from the Norwegian people.

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# A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

**Easington Disaster.**—Easington, the famous Durham colliery, near the shore of the North Sea, has suffered a great disaster involving scores of valuable lives. The news came when the findings of at least one recent disaster are still under examination. Among all the hot-head nonsense which is talked in the eternal argument for nationalisation versus capitalistic ownership, I am glad to say I never read or heard expressed the contention that nationalisation *per se* would make for greater safety in the mines. For generations the resources of science and the infinite ingenuity of men have been directed towards making this highly dangerous trade less dangerous. However a colliery be run, management, workers at the face and above ground and all concerned must be, and are, wholeheartedly united in that aim. The reckless miner, risking the lives of his fellows by neglect of safety rules, is a menace of very old days. But, despite all the precautions of science and all the lessons of past disasters, imponderable risks and unforeseeable dangers remain, and the trade is still high on the danger-list. Whenever these disasters occur, the grouses and grievances of the householder at the low quality and monstrous prices of the coal supplied him wither on the tongue unspoken. And yet the reflection remains—how pitiful that brave men must risk their fine and invaluable lives and that women and children must be widowed and orphaned to supply a commodity which to millions of their fellow-countrymen evokes nothing but criticism and complaint. These brave men dig good coal and bad. Few of their own countrymen ever benefit *directly* by the good fruits of their labours. The machinery and the management for clean output at fair prices is not to-day in being and, because it is so, the risks which miners run appear superficially to-day more than ever grievous, almost fatuous.

**Tibet.**—I have never visited Tibet. Lhasa is not one of the capitals of civilisation with which, as a citizen of the world, I am familiar. Lhasa, like Leeds, is a city I haven't seen. But I smell the sickening technique made familiar by Hitler formerly and now by Stalin's China. Tibet is to be "liberated" and all her ancient gods and traditions preserved. Only her Army and her control over foreign policy are named as loot by the liberators. Liberation from Imperialist aggressors demands these trivial sacrifices of sovereignty. The Panchen Lama, lately in exile, will return as spiritual leader and the Dalai Lama will resume or retain his theocratic-but-temporal leadership, a positive sedative for internal disquiets. Nothing apparently to alarm any Tory in Lhasa or London or Lahore. And so, indeed, it seems to be. No one has cried havoc. The Press of the world has taken it calmly. India carries on with other headline problems, and in London the cricket scores are not pushed closer to find space. As I have never set foot in Tibet, why should I worry? I won't; there 's plenty elsewhere to worry about.

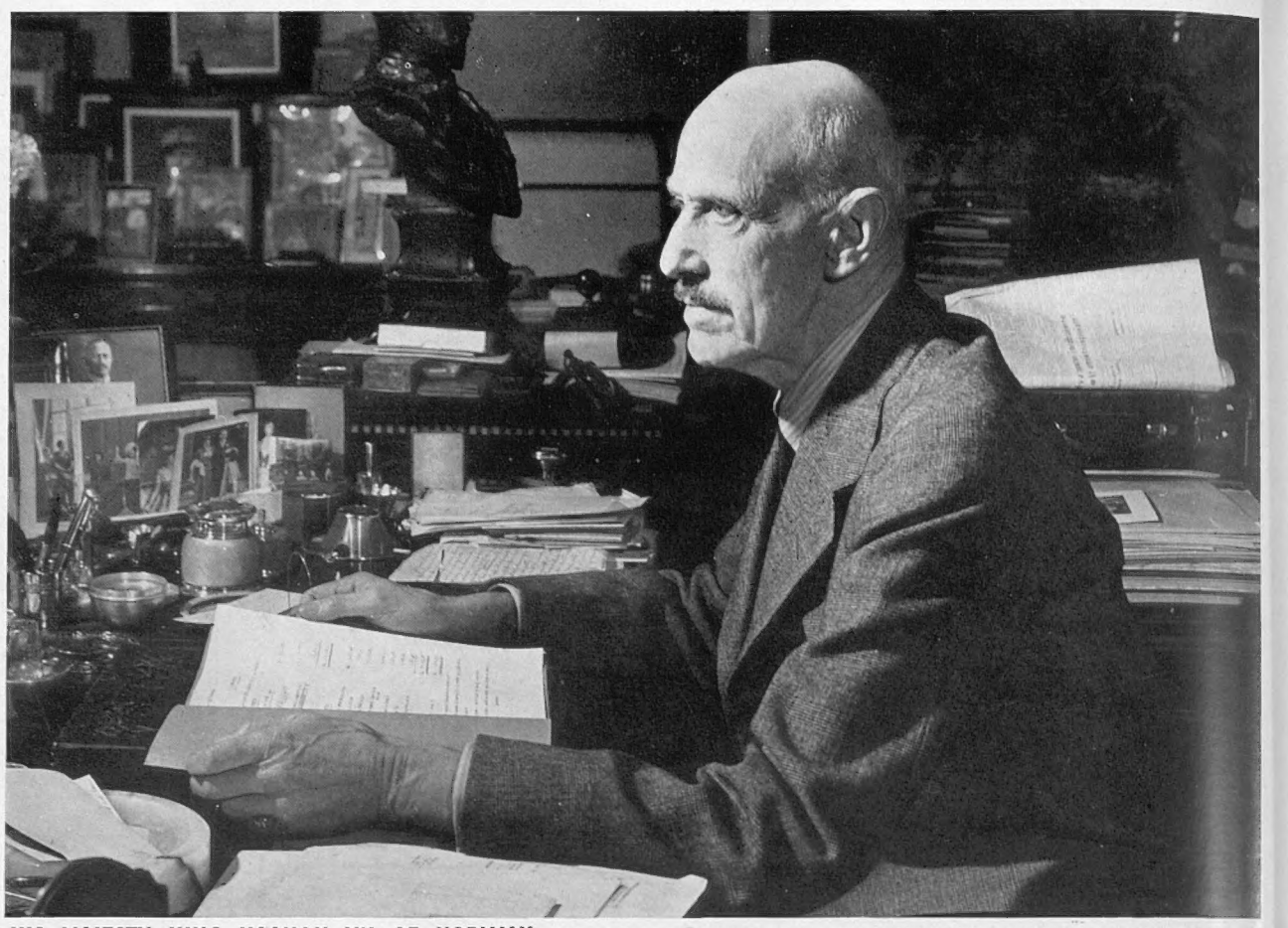
**Mr. Attlee Carries On.**—Parliament is again in session, hard words are once more being exchanged and Mr. Attlee is carrying on the King's Government in squeaks and groans—a slave to duty, if otherwise a free agent. "The King's Government must be carried on," as many a statesman longing for supreme power has (sometimes hypocritically) declared. Mr. Attlee, I am sure, is no hypocrite. I make no doubt that he sincerely believes that he (and his scratch team) may save the country and that nobody else can. He is in no hurry to prove his contention by trial and error of Mr. Churchill. He banks on certain "ifs" turning in his favour. If the 100th meeting of the Deputies should end in a compromise formula; if the Korea "incident" should end in China's acceptance of negotiation; if Persia should pour oil on the troubled waters instead of cold water on the troubled oil; if the cost of living should go down and the receipts of the Exchequer and the paddle ponds continue up and up; if the rain would stop and the sun and the crops come out; if the Churchill boys should quarrel and the Liberal boys wobble; if the Bevan boys should be good boys; and if one or two unexpectedly plump rabbits should come out of that seedy topper which seems so empty, *then* might Mr. Attlee find his faith justified and himself a prophet crowned and confirmed. Our little Premier is a pocket Hercules, a bonny fighter, an optimist. Meanwhile, the skies weep and are grey and bogies lurk round every corner for every Lib., Lab. and Tory in this realm.

**The Festival in Russian Eyes.**—The first mention of the Festival of Britain from a Soviet source was released in a Moscow broadcast last week. It told how the blaze of lights illumines the South Bank and gleams over the river, and it told the tale quite generously. But it added this pinprick: "But within a few hours in various parts of London and in neighbouring cities, power is cut off, lifts stop, and many factories have to stop work. Thus does relentless reality expose the attempts of the Labourite rulers to use the British Festival for concealing the country's unattractive situation to-day." If you read the Press of to-day, from the *Daily Worker* and the *New Statesman* on one side, to the *Express* on the other, you must be impressed with the bitterness of our political, domestic, internal discussions to-day. How we hate each other, on paper! I think it is largely on the tongue and on paper—tongue and pen are unruly members and are very free translators of what is in our hearts. All the same, I dare say I risk such a trouncing as the *New Statesman* recently gave the *Express* for continually playing down this Festival, if I venture to say that the Russians have often given us unkinder cuts in publicity and that in their conclusion (and in the modern slang) "they have something there." It might seem strange to an impartial visitor from Mars that we should so generously use the juice which our critical needs in output of arms and exports require, for illuminating the South Bank. But perhaps the man from Mars might not have heard how badly we need to import dollars and to restore a little gaiety and colour into the lives of our people, weary of wars and restraints and anxieties. It is said that men do better work singing than grieving. It may be so. Most things which Governments decide to do to-day are gambles and guesswork.

**"This Committee Deplores, . . ."**—I read several times a year with anxious interest the periodic reports of that very select committee which investigates public expenditure and not seldom brands gross extravagance or criminal recklessness in the launching of schemes involving the taxpayer's money. I suppose it would be possible for me to find out the committee's names, by whom they are nominated, what particular interests they represent. I doubt not that they are experts in different fields and men and women of high integrity, courage and perhaps authority. It is their *authority* only which gives me cause for doubt. I suppose somebody at the Treasury (high up) and even in the Cabinet glances through their findings and takes note of any unusually severe strictures on blind recklessness, gross carelessness, rank ignorance of ordinary business sense. But what happens then? I can recall in the past years at least a dozen major condemnations of criminal waste through ignorance or myopia or recklessness. What I should like to ventilate in Parliament is the later history of these strictures. Has anyone ever swung for any of these crimes? Has any single lesson ever been learned from any one of them? And, if learned, applied for the benefit of the public purse? How thick lies the dust in the pigeon-holes which contain all these careful reports?

**"Got a Little List."**—J. B. Priestley (as I have) has got a little list of hates and, as I trudge gladly through his *Festival at Farbridge*, I tick off, one by one, hates common to both lists. That type of popular newspaper which so *consistently* honours its trusteeship in giving its public its daily doses of sweets, shoddy and sensation. That public worship of everything in art, literature and music and drama which is most contradictory of and alien to the character of Englishmen. The boost and blaze of publicity centred on Hollywood's wax-dolls, and all that is negroid, muddy, precious and poisonous in the clever talk of long-haired young men from Chelsea and Bloomsbury. He shows up a hundred or two of types in a farrago of hate and sheer love of humanity and never does his humanity beacon more glowingly than when he depicts the nice young working girl. I find myself in love with all his typists and with very clear views on all his types. I am only half-through his funfair and live in hopes of ticking off some more hates common to both our lists. For instance: The needy lady of quality who (I presume) is even now engaged on a "full-dress biography" of Princess Anne, and all others who write biographies of living persons howsoever illustrious, and those who, still under forty, publish their own autobiographies. And the columnist who shows up socialists as capitalists by snooping into Stock Exchange and company records, and finds husbands for important debutantes, and smells out quarrels and splits in high commands and Cabinets; and all who run our Royal family to death with alternate bursts of sickening adulation and pestilent familiarity. They 'll none of them be missed and they are only a sample out of a long list.

THE OLD STAGER



**HIS MAJESTY KING HAAKON VII OF NORWAY—THE KING WHOM ENGLAND WELCOMED THIS WEEK ON AN OFFICIAL VISIT, SEEN IN HIS STUDY AT THE ROYAL PALACE AT OSLO: The King crossed the North Sea in his yacht *Norge* and, after arriving at Sheerness last Tuesday morning, it was arranged that the *Norge* should proceed up-river to Tower Bridge.**

KING HAAKON, who will celebrate his eightieth birthday in August of next year, was born at Charlottenlund Palace, Denmark, the second son of King Frederick VIII and Queen Louise of Denmark. Prince Carl, as he was then known, entered the Danish Navy at fourteen and, in 1905, the year he was promoted to captain, he was elected King of Norway after that country, which had been linked with Sweden since 1814, had reasserted its independence. His marriage had taken place nine years previously at Buckingham Palace, when he took as his bride Princess Maud, daughter of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. Throughout the vast changes of the last forty-six years since Norway declared its independence, King Haakon has remained a fixed and unifying force and a source of strength and comfort to his people. Never was that proved more clearly than during the last war, after Norway, on April 9, 1940, was invaded without warning by Nazi Germany. With his Cabinet and Parliament, King Haakon and the Royal Family left Oslo to avoid capture by the Germans. On April 10 the King received in audience at Elverum the German Minister, who demanded that the King should recognise Quisling as Prime Minister. The King replied that he, as a constitutional monarch, could not appoint a Prime Minister who had not the confidence of the people. This declaration by the King conformed with the attitude of the Government. Resistance would go on in the firm assurance of the King's own inflexible determination. The next day the Germans sent aircraft to bomb Nybergsund, where the King and Cabinet were staying, and they had to take shelter in the woods. There were many similar bombing raids later as the King and Cabinet made their way northwards through the deep snows of the Norwegian mountains. The German breakthrough in the Low Countries and France necessitated the withdrawal of Allied forces from Norway, and on June 7, 1940, King Haakon left Tromsö on board the British cruiser *Devonshire* for Scotland. The years in Britain were years of great activity for King Haakon, during which he never took a holiday and was never ill. He presided over Cabinet meetings at the Embassy in Kensington, received numerous Norwegians in audience, visited many Norwegian merchant ships in British ports, and inspected the Norwegian fighting forces at training centres in Scotland. He broadcast to Norway and in those talks radiated such a conviction in the triumph of his country's cause that the courage of his people was much fortified. On June 7, 1945, King Haakon landed again in Oslo after sailing to liberated Norway on board the British cruiser *Norfolk*. He received a tumultuous welcome.

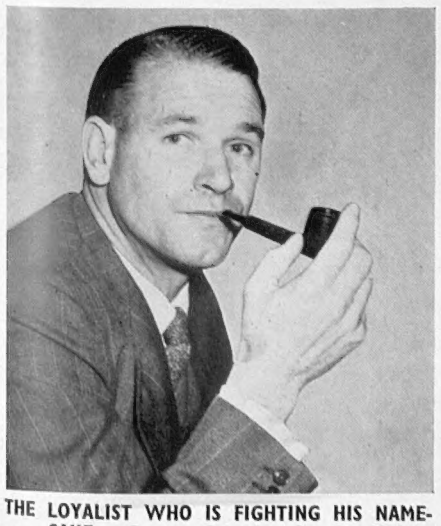
**CAPE TOWN WAS A SEA OF TORCHES AS THE OPPONENTS OF DR. MALAN'S CAPE COLOURED BILL GATHERED TO VOICE THEIR PROTEST AGAINST "A REPUGNANT GOVERNMENT POLICY": This dramatic overhead view was taken above Grand Parade during the demonstration, one of many held in South African towns and cities of recent weeks in view of the attempt to place coloured voters on separate voting lists. The demonstration, which was in part sponsored by ex-Servicemen, headed by Group Captain Malan, ended in rioting and in missiles, including torches, being thrown at the police.**

# THE TWO MALANS AND THE CAPETOWN RIOTS

*The South African Prime Minister and the Fighter Pilot of the Second World War Clash Over the Cape Coloured Bill*

Ever since Group Captain A. G. Malan, the "Sailor" Malan who won world-wide admiration by his exploits as a fighter pilot, ranged himself with other ex-Servicemen in South Africa against the policy of discriminating against the Cape Coloured people, feeling in South Africa has run high. Some weeks ago there was a mass meeting in Johannesburg, when a march on Cape Town was agreed upon, and since then many opponents of Dr. Malan have been converging on the political capital of the Union. Last week's big demonstration and torchlight procession on Grand Parade ended in rioting and in forty-eight people being injured, but it also produced a resolution, which Group Captain Malan later handed over to the Party leaders in company with Commandant A. J. de la Rey. That resolution urges Dr. Malan's Government to seek a real mandate from the country before it proceeds with its policies.

**THE LEADER WHO WANTS A SOUTH AFRICAN (ALL-WHITE) REPUBLIC: Dr. Malan, Prime Minister of the Union, and protagonist of the Cape Coloured Bill.**



**THE LOYALIST WHO IS FIGHTING HIS NAME-SAKE: Group Captain A. G. Malan, fighter pilot ace of the Second World War, and most outspoken opponent of the policies of Dr. Daniel Malan.**

**THE OPPONENTS OF THE CAPE COLOURED BILL MARCH IN PROCESSION TO GRAND PARADE, CAPE TOWN: At this stage the demonstration was orderly enough. The crowd lining the route was obviously greatly in favour of the demonstrators, many of whom were ex-Servicemen. A large proportion of those who marched to Grand Parade were Cape Coloured.**

# ULSTER'S WELCOME FOR THE QUEEN

## THE ROYAL VISIT TO BELFAST AND THE DRIVE THROUGH THREE COUNTIES DURING A FOUR-DAY TOUR

THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET DISEMBARK FROM THE CRUISER "SHEFFIELD" AT BELFAST, AT THE START OF THEIR FOUR-DAY TOUR, WHICH INCLUDED THE OPENING OF ULSTER'S PRINCIPAL FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITION: As the cruiser *Sheffield* docked, ships' sirens and hundreds of shipyard workers roared a welcome and an escort of R.A.F. jet aircraft swept overhead in the June sunshine. The Governor of Northern Ireland, Vice-Admiral Lord Granville, greeted the Queen and the Princess on board. The Royal visitors then drove through thronged streets to the Festival of Britain Farm and Factory Exhibition at Castlereagh. Later there was a civic reception at Belfast City Hall. It was decided at the last moment that the King's health did not permit his making the Ulster tour.

THE QUEEN WAVES A SMILING GREETING TO THE CHILDREN OF GILFORD: This was during the seventy-mile tour made by the Queen and Princess Margaret through parts of County Antrim, County Down and County Armagh. Thousands of people crowded the towns through which they passed and numerous halts were made.

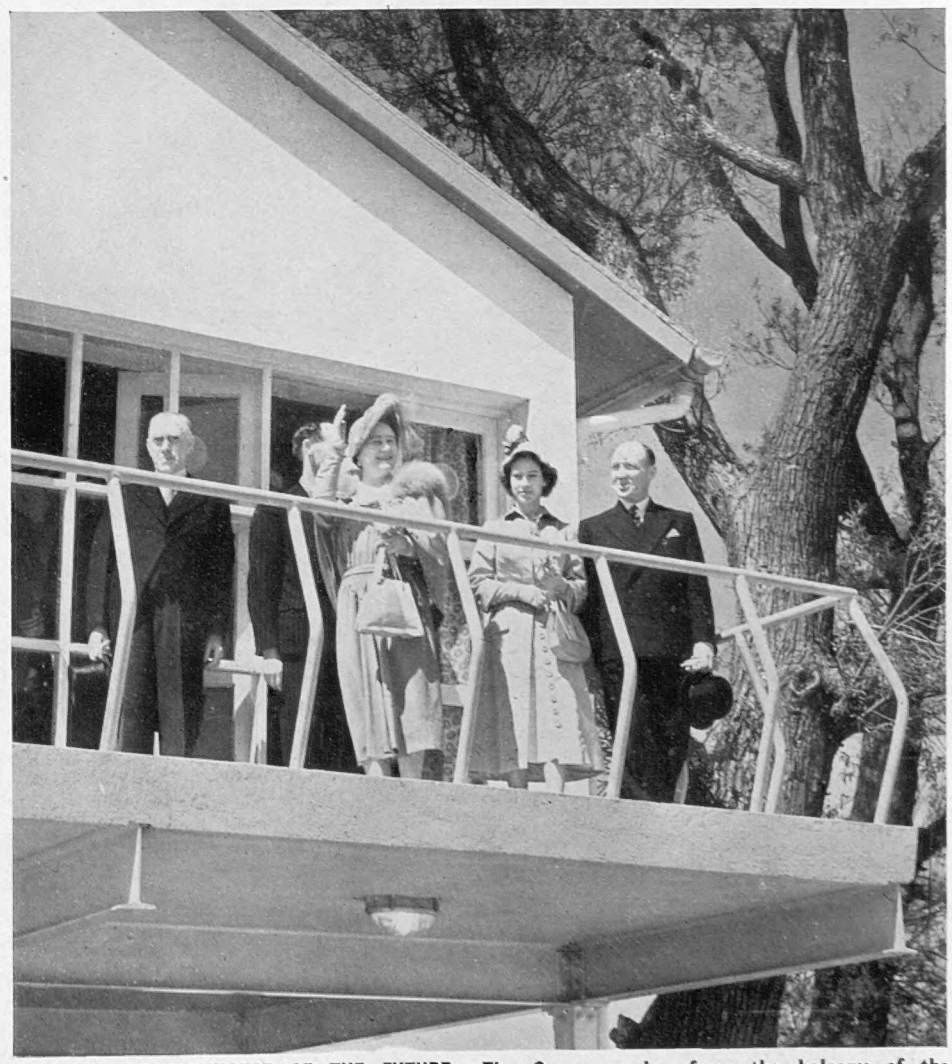
THE QUEEN AND PRINCESS MARGARET WALK IN BRILLIANT SUNSHINE TO BELFAST CITY HALL FOR THE CIVIC RECEPTION: Wherever they went the enthusiasm was tremendous, but police took stringent security measures as members of the Sinn Fein organisation were known to be active. On the evening before the arrival of the Queen and Princess Margaret a meeting and procession to protest against the Royal visit was held, but there was no support for it outside the Sinn Fein movement.

THE QUEEN PLANTS A TREE AT HILLSBOROUGH: Watched by Mr. Dewart, seventy-three-year-old gardener at Hillsborough, her Majesty shovels in the earth round a fir sapling. Hillsborough House was built in the seventeenth century as a fort. At the parish church at Hillsborough the Queen and Princess Margaret attended divine service last Sunday morning.

OUTSIDE THE OLD IRISH FARMSTEAD IN THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN FARM AND FACTORY EXHIBITION AT CASTLEREAGH: The Queen with the Minister of Agriculture for Northern Ireland, the Rt. Hon. Robert Moore, M.P.

MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE-PARTY AT HILLSBOROUGH LAST WEEK-END: In the foreground are Lady Mary Leveson-Gower, the Queen's niece, Princess Margaret, the Countess Granville, the Queen, and Lord Granville, Governor of Northern Ireland. Countess Granville is an elder sister of the Queen.

WATCHED BY HER MOTHER, PRINCESS MARGARET SIGNS THE VISITORS' BOOK AT THE FESTIVAL FARM AND FACTORY EXHIBITION HELD AT CASTLEREAGH, BELFAST: This was on the first day of the Ulster tour and before Belfast's civic reception for the Royal visitors.



VISITING THE FARMHOUSE OF THE FUTURE: The Queen waving from the balcony of the building at the Festival of Britain Farm and Factory Exhibition which her Majesty had just inaugurated. At the end of their four-day stay in Northern Ireland the Queen and Princess Margaret arranged to return to London in a Viking of the King's Flight.

**THE START OF THE GREAT RACE, WITH A NEAR-RECORD FIELD OF THIRTY-THREE RUNNERS GETTING UNDER WAY IN THE PRESENCE OF A VAST CROWD ESTIMATED AT 1,000,000 :** In the background is seen the Aga Khan's Fraise du Bois II, which was hopelessly left at the start, and also the unwilling starter, Zucchero, who, by special permission of the Stewards, was allowed to have trainer Cundell at his head in order to urge him on his way. Zucchero, with young Lester Piggott in the saddle, eventually started six lengths behind the others, and he finished in the middle of the field. On his previous outing Zucchero won in handsome style when started with trainer Cundell's help.

**EPSOM DOWNS FROM THE AIR—DERBY DAY, FESTIVAL YEAR 1951 : This aerial view shows the thronged Downs during the afternoon's racing. The view looks westward from the area of the Paddock right down the course to Tattenham Corner. The start of the Derby course, which is not seen in this picture, lies almost opposite the winning-post. From there the field travels uphill to the six-furlong gate, and downhill to the Corner. It was estimated that 1,000,000 people were on the Downs for this year's Festival Derby, even though it was run on a Wednesday instead of on a Saturday as in the past few years.**

# DERBY DAY

*Sights and Scenes on Epsom Downs Where the Irish-Owned Outsider Arctic Prince Scored a Runaway Victory in the Wednesday Derby*

Derby Day 1951 was certainly in the grand manner of pre-war days, with a bumper crowd to cheer on the outsider, Arctic Prince, as he strode to victory in what was considered the most open race for decades. There has, in fact, not been an easier Derby win for many years, and apart from Manna, who slammed his rivals by eight lengths in 1925, few horses have had more to spare than this colt by Prince Chevalier, a winner in his day of the French Derby.

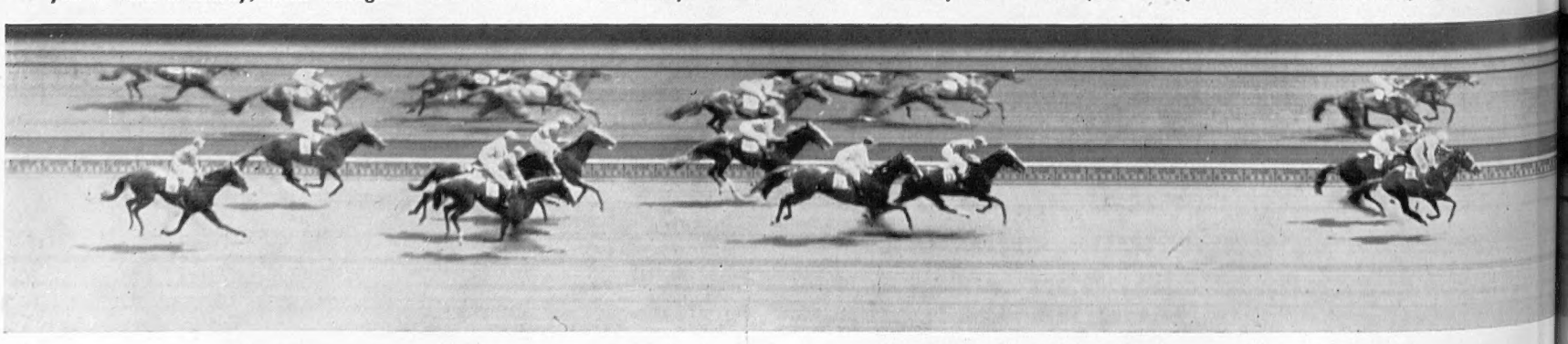
From start to finish the race had unusual features. When the tapes went up, for instance, there was the astonishing spectacle of trainer Cundell standing at the head of the unwilling Zucchero, urging him to follow the rest of the field. There was the almost equally surprising sight of a horse owned by the Aga Khan being left a dozen lengths at the post and taking no real part in the race.

After the gallop uphill to the six-furlong post, there came the charge of the thirty-three runners downhill towards Tattenham Corner, with Mystery IX and the maiden Raincheck, leading the field, and most of the fancied runners, including Arcot and the favourite, Ki Ming, already in trouble.

Once round Tattenham Corner jockey C. Spares, a thirty-two-year-old rider who is as at home under National Hunt Rules as under Jockey Club Rules, brought Arctic Prince, who had come down the hill in handy fashion, right up with the leaders. After that the race became a procession, Arctic Prince increasing his lead with every stride, and Spares making sure of things by showing him the whip. Perhaps the cross-country jockey remembered the fate of Harry Carr last year when Johnstone stole a march on him in the last stages of the race. At any rate, Spares kept his mount going to the end, winning a notable victory for Mr. J. McGrath, who had bred Arctic Prince at one of his Irish studs. The trainer of Arctic Prince is Stephenson, of Royston, a former jockey.

For minor honours in the race there was a rare battle between Sybil's Nephew, Signa Box, the Irish 2,000 Guineas winner, and Le Tyrol, the best of the Frenchmen. The photo-finish camera decided these minor placings, but it needed no camera to tell anybody the position of the well-fancied Arcot, who finished a sorry last.

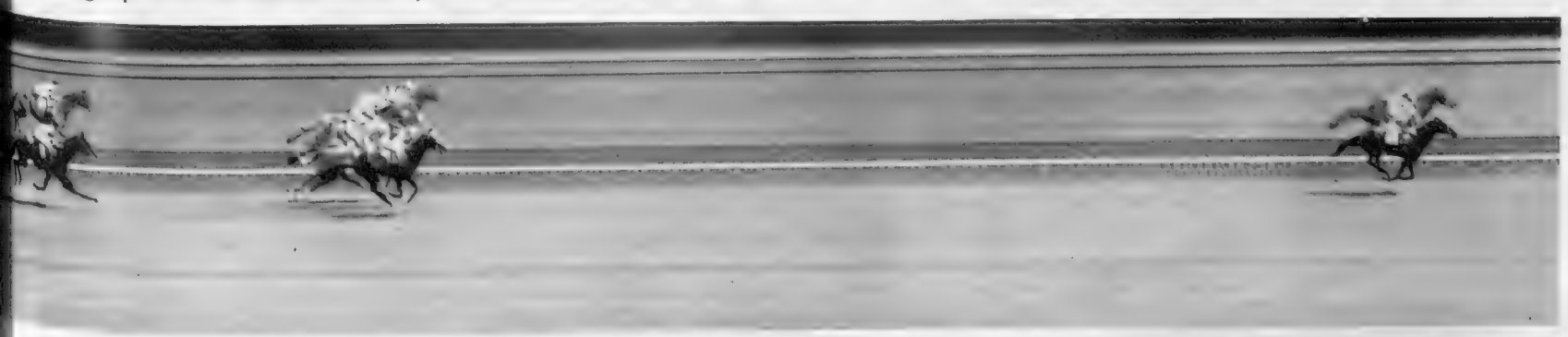
**THE CYNOSURE OF ALL EYES : Arctic Prince, the 28 to 1 outsider, in the unsaddling enclosure after his runaway victory in the Derby of 1951. Arctic Prince is a dark brown colt by the French Derby winner Prince Chevalier out of Arctic Sun. He belongs to the male line of St. Simon.**



THE THUNDER OF HOOVES AT TATTENHAM CORNER AS THE BIG DERBY FIELD WHEELED ROUND INTO THE FINISHING STRAIGHT: In the lead at this juncture were Raincheck and, on the rails, the French entry, Mystery IX. Tucked behind them was Arctic Prince, and it became apparent after rounding the bend that the leaders had been there on sufferance, for Arctic Prince strode away from the field.

IT WAS A GREAT DAY FOR THE IRISH: Mrs. McGrath, wife of the owner of Arctic Prince, seen with the colt after his great victory. *On left*—Mr. J. McGrath holding the Gold Cup which forms part of the £19,386 prize for the winning owner. It was the richest Derby on record and the richest racing prize ever won in this country. Mr. McGrath, who took a prominent part in Irish politics after the First World War, and who once went to prison in England together with other I.R.A. leaders, later rose to be Minister of Commerce in the Irish Free State, and he is now managing director of the wealthy Irish Sweepstakes Trust.

THE LAST STRIDES OF THE RACE FOR THE 172ND RENEWAL OF THE DERBY STAKES: With his jockey, C. Spares, looking round for any possible danger, Arctic Prince goes past the post, the rest of the field strung out behind him. Six lengths away Sybil's Nephew, Signal Box and Le Tyrol were fighting for the minor honours, and a camera record of the finish was necessary to show the placings. *Below*—How the camera, with the reflecting mirror, recorded the finish. Following Arctic Prince was the group of three mentioned above; then came Crocodile, the two French entries, Le Vent and Nyangal, Sun Compass, Turco II, and Expeditious.



# OIL CRISIS IN TEHERAN

*50,000 Persians Crowd a City Square to Demonstrate Against the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company and the British and American Governments*

**THE MONSTER RALLY IN TEHERAN ORGANISED BY THE COMMUNISTS ON THE EIGHTEENTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SIGNATURE BY THE PERSIAN GOVERNMENT OF THE SIXTY-YEAR AGREEMENT WITH THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY : *Left*—Demonstrators carrying a banner depicting Uncle Sam being thrown out of Persia. *Right*—The scene outside the British Embassy where lorry-loads of heavily-armed police gathered to provide protection in view of the hostile display by the demonstrators as they marched by.** The demonstration was organised by the Persian Peace Movement, and another body known as the Organisation for the Nationalisation of Oil. Both are really offshoots of the outlawed Tudeh Party, the Communist Party of Persia. The attitude of the crowds was extremely violent. One banner proclaimed "Leave the Workers Free to Kick the British Out," and another declared "Death to American Junk Sellers." On the same day as the demonstration took place, Dr. Mossadeq, the Persian Prime Minister, left his refuge in the Parliament building to lunch with Sir Francis Shepherd and Dr. Grady, the British and United States Ambassadors. In conversation round the table the Prime Minister showed that his attitude to the oil deadlock was practically unchanged. The law was the law, he said, and nationalisation would have to be put into effect. He stressed, however, that the use of force in any form was not intended, the implication being that he would use other kinds of pressure, possibly economic or the withdrawal of residence permits, should necessity arise. Dr. Mossadeq said that he would welcome the arrival in Persia of a mission of two Anglo-Iranian Oil Company directors, who might be the British Government's representatives on the board. He would not, however, have a British Government mission

**A HOSTILE CROWD IN TEHERAN : *Above and on right*. Demonstrators taking part in the anti-Imperialist rally which had the backing of the Persian Communists. The anti-American tone was most pronounced.**

**THE CROWD THAT JAMMED PARLIAMENT SQUARE TO SUPPORT THE POLICIES OF THE PERSIAN PREMIER, DR. MOSSADEQ : The crowds were waiting in anticipation of a public session of Parliament, when it was expected that the Premier would seek a vote of confidence on the oil question. Instead, the public session was postponed until last Sunday, and the Prime Minister returned to his barricaded sanctuary. On Sunday hopes of a solution of the oil problem seemed to be nearer after the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company had informed the Persian Government of its readiness to send a mission to Teheran. The British Government fully supported the Company's action.**

# PRINCESS ELIZABETH'S SCOTTISH TOUR

## *The Special Festival Visits to Glasgow and Perth*

Princess Elizabeth, in a two-day Scottish tour dedicated to Festival affairs, in which she fulfilled as many engagements as could be fitted into forty-eight hours, visited Glasgow and Perth last week.

At Glasgow, where thousands thronged the approaches to the Central Station to greet her, and thousands more lined the route to Kelvin Hall, the Princess opened the Exhibition of Industrial Power, noting how fitting it was that the land of so many famous engineers and inventors, of men of the qualities of Kelvin and Watt, should have been chosen for this particular Festival Exhibition. After a tour of the exhibition there followed a civic lunch with the Lord Provost of Glasgow, the opening of the King George V playing fields at Carnwadric, the visit to Cowglen Military Hospital where the Princess talked with sixteen officers and men who had been wounded in Korea, and a visit to the ex-clipper ship *Carrick*, now the headquarters of the R.N.V.R. Club (Scotland).

On the following day the programme was even more intensive, as the Princess, who had journeyed on to Perth, toured the exhibitions constituting the Perth Festival of the Arts. It was a day of sunshine for her first official visit to the Royal Burgh, and the crowds and children lining the streets frequently broke the cordon to slow down the Royal car to a crawl. The Princess arrived by train from Glasgow at noon, and from then until late in the evening, when she appeared on the stage at the theatre with the cast of *Twelfth Night*, the enthusiasm was tremendous.

**INSIDE THE KELVIN HALL, GLASGOW, WHERE PRINCESS ELIZABETH OPENED THE FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN EXHIBITION OF INDUSTRIAL POWER: Her Royal Highness [illegible]een during her tour of the Hall of Steam Power after she had conducted the [illegible]pening ceremony. In the arena of the Kelvin Hall over 3,000 guests assembled [illegible]o greet the Princess, and her single day in Glasgow was crowded with [illegible]ngagements. On the following day the Princess was in Perth, where she arrived by train at noon to inaugurate the Festival of the Arts.**

**THE PRINCESS AT THE EXHIBITION OF THE SCOTTISH WOMEN'S RURAL INSTITUTES AT PERTH: Examining a display of babies' wear, one of the arts of the home included in the exhibition, together with embroidery, pottery and dressmaking.**

**TWO MORE ASPECTS OF A CROWDED DAY IN THE ROYAL BURGH OF PERTH: *Left*—Princess Elizabeth in evening dress as she left for the theatre to witness a performance of *Twelfth Night* by the Perth Theatre Company. At the end of the show the Princess appeared on the stage with members of the cast, as shown in the picture on the right in which she is seen acknowledging the ovation of the players and the audience.**

# WORLD AFFAIRS WITH A POLITICAL FLAVOUR

THE PERSIAN OIL CRISIS; ELECTIONS IN ITALY AND AUSTRIA; THE PANAMA IMPEACHMENT; MADRILENOS WALK TO WORK; THE LEADERS OF THE NEW CHINA

*Above* and *on left*—**PERSIA'S PREMIER, SWAYING ON HIS FEET, AND SUPPORTED BY HIS AIDE, GENERAL KAZENI SHEIBANI, ADDRESSES A GROUP OF FOREIGN JOURNALISTS IN THE MAJLIS, THE PERSIAN PARLIAMENT BUILDING, WHERE THE AILING PREMIER HAD TAKEN SANCTUARY FROM THREATS OF ASSASSINATION: Dr. Moussadek, whose voice trailed away several times and who appeared to be in great difficulty, was expected to make an important statement on the oil crisis, but he confined his remarks to a review of the situation in Abadan and other places under oil company administration, stressing the miseries of the people in Persia.** He invited visiting journalists to make a tour of the Teheran slums to see how the poor lived. The Premier has long been a determined opponent of oil-company rule. At a time when he was a deputy, and before the law nationalising the oil industry, he said at one meeting of the Majlis: "I wish some of the members of the British House of Commons would come to Persia and see for themselves how the Anglo-Iranian Company is treating the people here."

**AUSTRIA'S NEW PRESIDENT—THE SOCIALIST MAYOR OF VIENNA WHO OWED HIS SUCCESS TO A COMBINATION OF RIGHTIST AND COMMUNIST SUPPORT: General Theodor Körner seen at a Vienna polling station when the second ballot for the Presidency took place following the deadlock on the first ballot on May 6. The result of the election is likely to have a profound effect on Austrian politics, the Socialists naturally demanding a larger share of Cabinet seats.** There is some uneasiness among the Socialists, however, at the realisation of the fact that it was the 220,000 voters of the Extreme Left bloc which put their candidate at the head of the poll. An important reason for the Socialist success lies obviously in the disarming personality of seventy-eight-year-old President Körner, a Monarchist general who became a Socialist through conviction. The son of an officer of a noble family, he entered the Army as a young man and rose to be Chief of Staff of the First Army. He fought with it through the First World War. At the end of that war he became a Socialist and was elected to Parliament. General Körner was arrested by the Dollfuss Government in 1934 and he served eleven months' imprisonment. The Nazis tried to induce him to serve again as a soldier, but he refused. In 1945 General Körner was among a small group who met in Vienna to reconstitute the Austrian Socialist Party.

**WINDING UP THE NORTH ITALIAN MUNICIPAL ELECTION CAMPAIGN: The Italian Prime Minister, Alcide de Gasperi, speaking from a tribune in the Duomo Square, Milan, when he appealed to all parties of the Right and Centre to hold firm against the Communist threat. *On left*—A general view of the mass meeting, showing the tribune on the left of the Square.** The first results of the elections were encouraging for the Democratic Alliance, ten major centres, including the key-points of Genoa and Venice being won from the Communists. Four important urban centres, including Bologna, which the Communists have governed for the past five years, have kept their Left Wing allegiance, and the Communists and Nenni Socialists have actually increased their strength in many places, although beaten by the Democratic Alliance. Thus in Genoa the Left won 196,788 votes as against 183,569 in 1948, and in Milan 289,104 against 278,564. The Communists were beaten because there is now a larger association of parties ranged against them.

THE IMPEACHMENT OF ARNULFO ARIAS, THE PANAMANIAN PRESIDENT WHO WAS DEPOSED AND JAILED AFTER HE HAD SUSPENDED THE CONSTITUTION IN A BID FOR DICTATORSHIP: Arias is seen (right centre) nonchalantly reading a novel while Special Prosecutor Felipe Juan Escobar (at left) asks for his conviction. Arias was found guilty of abusing his constitutional power and, by National Assembly ruling, he is now barred for ever from holding public office. The new President of Panama, Alcibiades Arosomena, has had to make his office in his home as the interior of the Presidential Palace was wrecked when the State police of Colonel Jose Antonio Remon fought a floor-by-floor battle before arresting Arias, his wife, and his entourage. Dr. Arias refused to take any part in his own trial and in a letter to the President of the National Assembly he said he had reached the conclusion that he would not get a fair trial, and therefore refused to defend himself. He declared that he had revoked the authority of his attorney

MADRILENOS WALK TO WORK, A SILENT PROTEST AGAINST THE HIGH COST OF LIVING: Throughout the city, tramcars ran either empty or with one or two passengers at the height of the rush-hour, all forms of transport being boycotted by the public as well as places of entertainment. This peaceful protest was not accompanied by a go-slow strike in the factories, as it was rumoured that it would be, but there was a partial strike in the small-arms factories at Eibar, near San Sebastian. Nearly ten years of bad harvests, the denial of Marshall Aid, the rise in the cost of living, and the general difficulties of living in Spain for all but foreigners, have all contributed to the mounting crisis in the peninsula. As ever, a centre of unrest is Barcelona, the focal-point of Catalonian separatism.

THE BURNING HUTS IN CAUSEWAY BAY, HONG KONG, DURING THE BIG FIRE WHICH DESTROYED 300 CLOSELY-PACKED DWELLINGS: These fires among the settlements of Hong Kong are a regular occurrence, and they invariably spread with great rapidity, as the timber in these shanty towns is tinder-dry at most seasons of the year. Hong Kong remains hopelessly overcrowded, and many of the settlement dwellers are refugees from China proper.

HOMELESS AFTER THE HONG KONG FIRE: A Chinese girl carrying her few belongings through the streets after a disastrous fire had gutted 300 huts in a squatters' settlement in the Causeway Bay area of the colony. 1,500 people, many of them Chinese refugees, lost their homes.

MAO TSE AND HIS LIEUTENANTS—THE LEADERS OF THE NEW CHINA HOLD A MAY DAY PARADE IN PEKING: This picture, which has reached London by devious ways, shows, right to left, Premier Chou En-lai, Mao Tse-Tung, Chairman of the Government Administrative Council, Vice-Chairman Chuh Teh, Vice-Chairman Liu Sharchi, and Vice-Premier Kuo Mo-jo, on the tribune at the march-past of troops and civilian organisations. Of Mao Tse's lieutenants Chuh Teh is perhaps the most remarkable. He first gained fame in leading the peasants of Hunan against the Kuomintang, a role in which he failed, as also did Mao Tse in another attempt. Chuh Teh, who once studied philosophy at Marburg, is a fluent speaker of German, and his knowledge of military strategy is said to be profound. One writer has described him as "a hard-bitten, humorous peasant, with a broad mouth and small eyes and a habit of grinning pleasantly at the foibles of mankind." Premier Chou En-lai has had years of political experience. He once lived in France and, with Lo Man and Li li-san, helped to found a Chinese Communist Party in France.

GENERAL DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY IN SINGAPORE: The French High Commissioner in Indo-China and Commander-in-Chief of the French forces in the Far East, seen with Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, High Commissioner in South-East Asia, aboard the R.A.F. helicopter in which they journeyed each day from Johore to the conference of British and American military and naval chiefs. They met to formulate plans for the defence of Indo-China in the event of a Communist invasion. Within a few days of this meeting the Viet-Minh forces in Indo-China staged their biggest offensive of recent months, 35,000 troops being engaged in an all-out attack on the delta.

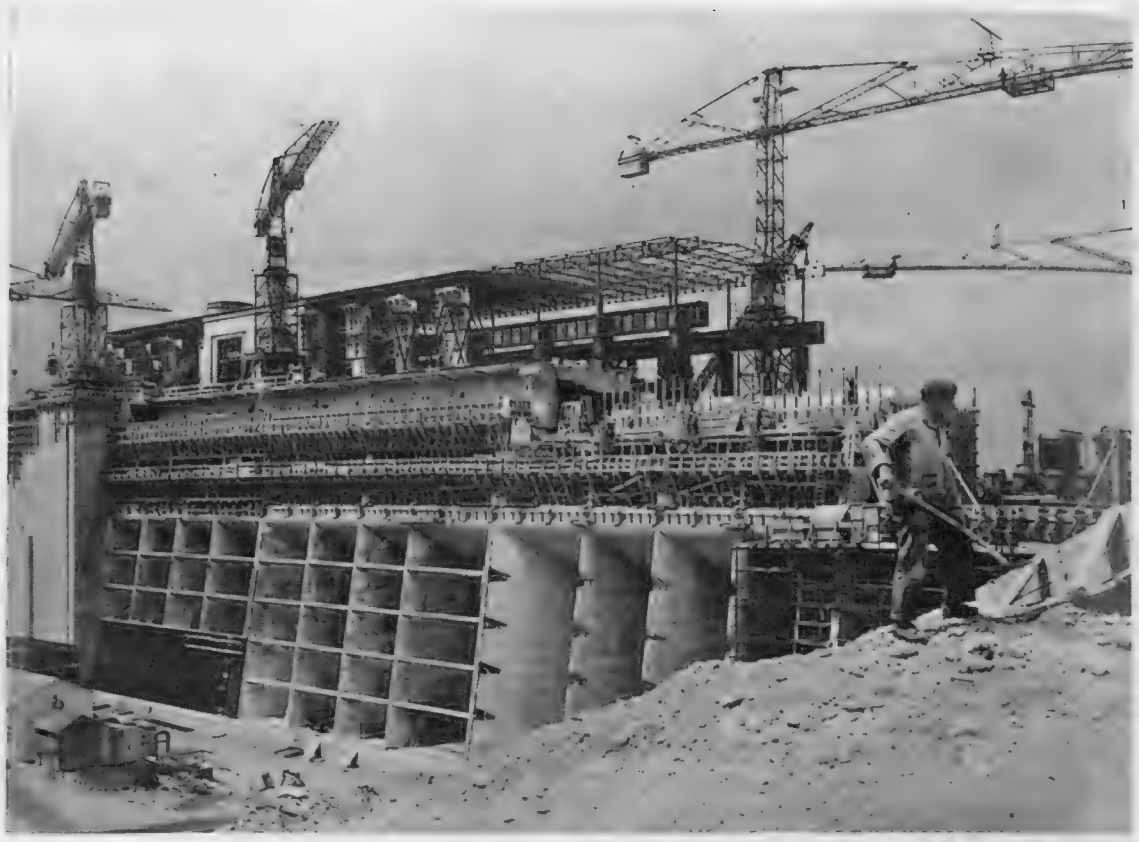
*RHINELAND DEVELOPMENTS REFLECT THE RISE OF INDUSTRIAL SWITZERLAND*

# EXTENDING BASLE'S CANAL SYSTEM

*New Lochs Come into Being Between the Swiss City and the Port of Strasbourg*

One of the most remarkable changes which has taken place in Europe in modern times is the rapid growth of Swiss trade and industry. Zurich, where the 600th anniversary celebrations recently took place (see opposite page), is now one of the great commercial capitals of the Continent, and Basle, second city of the Confederation, is now one of the most important traffic centres of Europe, not least because of its loading and unloading facilities at its Rhineland quays. This importance is emphasized by the extension of the Rhine lateral canal, known as the Grand Canal of Alsace, which is now being pushed northward from Kembs to Ottmarsheim. The sections involved in these latest extensions are in French territory, and from a hydro-electric point of view France will be a big beneficiary, notably from the new power station at Ottmarsheim; but the implications as far as Switzerland is concerned are immense, for Basle more than ever looms as one of the great river ports of the Rhineland system. This linked with the fact that the large area of the Swiss midlands between the Alps and the Rhine has developed more and more as a manufacturing area, although still retaining the aspect of an agricultural province, means that exports and imports are likely to flow ever faster along this famed trade route.

Construction work began on the extension of the Grand Canal of Alsace in April 1948, the plan, financed by Marshall Aid funds and equipment, involving the excavation of 19,000,000 cubic metres of banking, the construction of two locks, and the building of one new power station at Ottmarsheim.



**THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER STATION AT OTTMARSHEIM, ON THE LATERAL CANAL, WHICH IS NOW BEING EXTENDED NORTHWARDS FROM BASLE TO STRASBOURG: This harnessing of the Rhine will bring new electrical power to France, Germany and Switzerland, which all converge in the Basle region, and even greater importance to the great Swiss river port of Basle.**

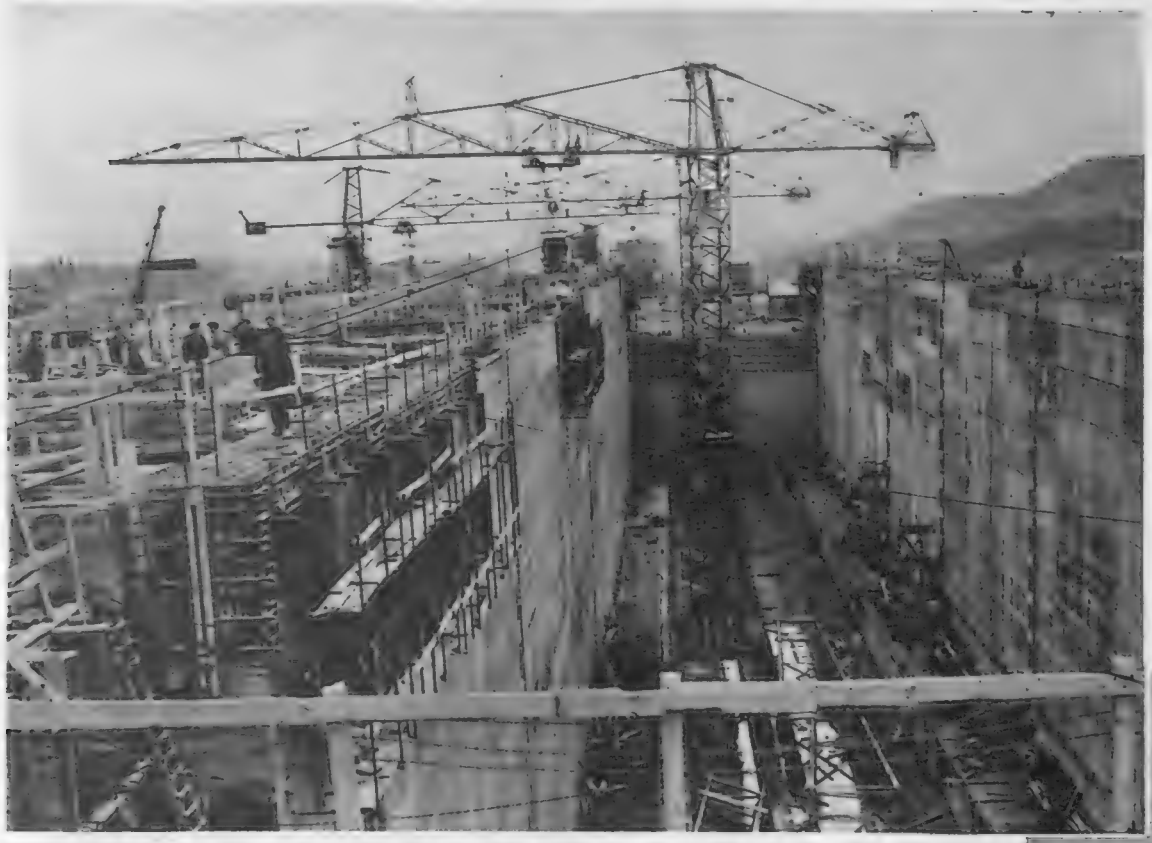
The most modern plant has been brought in, mostly from America, and the scheme is so far advanced that the opening of the new section of the canal is forecast for November.

This is by no means the end of the scheme. Between Basle and Strasbourg there is a difference in level of 60 ft., and it is hoped eventually to extend the canal system all the way northwards to Strasbourg, France's great eastern port, building en route no fewer than five more power stations. The scheme will be a blessing to the whole Rhineland, bringing electrical power to farms and to industry and to a host of homes.

For the Swiss, who have remained so steadfastly outside the turmoil of modern Europe, these Marshall Aid works have no charitable implications, for Switzerland is well able to pay in dollars for all her imports from the U.S.A., and her special position in relation to E.C.A. is fully recognised.

Switzerland, however, has urgent problems to face with regard to industrial development and electrical generation.

In the former category she has two other big canal schemes in mind. One relates to the linking of the Rhine and the navigable Rhône by the Helvetia Canal along her western border.



**ONE OF THE MIGHTY LOCKS ON THE GRAND CANAL OF ALSACE: This lock on the new section north of Kembs is 600 ft. long, 74 ft. deep and 75 ft. wide. It is hoped that this section, extending northwards from Basle towards Strasbourg, will be open in November.**

**AT WORK ON THE NEW SECTION OF THE CANAL BETWEEN KEMBS AND OTTMARSHEIM: *Left*—Looking down into the basin from which millions of cubic feet of earth have been excavated since the extension was begun in 1948. *Right*—At work on the power station at Ottmarsheim. Carpenters are engaged in building shuttering.**

# ZURICH CELEBRATES 600 YEARS OF CONFEDERATION

*A Day of Pageantry in the Great Swiss City Which Has Grown So Rapidly in Recent Years*

One of the most rapidly-growing cities in Europe is Zurich, now celebrating the 600th anniversary of Confederation, for the Swiss economic expansion of the last half-century, the rapid growth of trade and industry, has been in full measure centred on this city on the fast-flowing River Limmat, where the population is now increasing at the rate of 10,000 a year, new houses are rising at the rate of 2,500 a year, and even skyscrapers are now contemplated by a go-ahead local authority determined to conserve space.

The first record of inhabitants on the site of Zurich is of Celtic lake-dwellers during the Stone Age (about 3000 B.C.), and about 1000 B.C. there was a Bronze Age fortified settlement on the site of the present-day Lindenhof, a hill in the very middle of the old quarter of the city. Under Roman rule Zurich had a Customs station and a Mint. In later days Charlemagne held a Court of Justice at Zurich; then came the Charter of 1218, when Zurich was made a free town in the German Empire, and 133 years later Zurich adhered to the Alliance of the Confederates. In those days, however, Zurich was not the democratic city we know now. The town constantly sought to extend its rule beyond its walls, and this thirst for territorial aggrandisement actually brought on the first Civil War in the Confederation, the Old Zurich War of 1436-50. It was only when the city fathers turned their attention more closely to the ways of commerce, and the real power fell into the hands of the guilds, that Zurich set her feet upon the road to a democratic way of life, and it was with the coming of Ulrich Zwingli, in the sixteenth century, that Zurich achieved fame as a centre of learning. During the recent anniversary celebrations many of the great events and the leading personalities in the history of the city had their place in the big parade along the thronged quays and streets.

HIGHLIGHTS OF ZURICH'S RED-LETTER DAY IN WHICH HER CITIZENS THRONGED THE STREETS TO MARK THE 600TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE CITY'S ENTRY INTO THE SWISS CONFEDERATION: *Left*—The procession, illustrative of the history of Zurich, passing along the recently rebuilt Limmat Quai. In the background are the twin steeples of the Grossmunster (associated with the name and fame of Zwingli), also the steeples of the Fraumunster Church and St. Peter's. *Right*—The mighty bonfire by the Lake of Zurich, the climax of the celebrations. Zurich herself is a great deal older than 600 years, but 1351 is a deeply-honoured date in her history, marking as it does her "Eternal Pact" with the other cities and cantons. In recent times Zurich's industrial growth has been phenomenal.

THE PRESIDENT OF ZURICH CITY COUNCIL: Dr. Emil Landolt walked in the great procession during the 600th-anniversary celebrations dressed to represent Solomon Herzel, one of the great men of Zurich in the sixteenth century. Dr. Landolt was a recent visitor to London when he came over from Zurich with his wife as a guest of the British Council.

PARADING WITH HALBERDS AND SPEARS ALONG THE LIMMAT QUAI: A great crowd watching the anniversary procession at a point near the Grossmünster. Many Zurich people brought step-ladders with them in order to get a good view of the proceedings.

# THE AMERICAN TROOPS AT BREMERHAVEN

*The Vanguard of the 4th Infantry Division Welcomed in the German Port*

Called from the New World once again to redress the military balance of the Old, the advance guard of the reinforcements the United States is sending to Europe landed last week at Bremerhaven. The soldiers, who in pouring rain streamed down the gangplank of the transport *General Alexander Patch*, received the sort of welcome usually accorded to conquering heroes. General Alphonse Juin, Commander-in-Chief-designate, Allied Forces, Central Europe, was at the quayside to greet the troops of the 4th Division and to tell them, among other things, that the West would never buy peace at the price of slavery. "You are with us," General Juin told the 1,100 troops standing on the quay in the rain, "in your place in the advance guard of the free world. Your arrival is a further proof of the will of your country to defend Western civilisation."

General Juin, General Thomas T. Handy, Commander of the United States forces in Europe, and General Eddy also participated in the welcome to the 4th Division. No British military representative was present at the ceremony.

The 4th U.S. Infantry Division's transfer to Germany should by now be complete. Three other divisions will follow, the 2nd Armoured Division and two National Guard infantry divisions, thus bringing the strength of the American Seventh Army up to six divisions. Britain has three divisions in Germany, among them the 11th Armoured Division, which arrived a few weeks ago, and another is preparing to go there. For the occupation costs in connection with these Allied reinforcements, the Federal Republic of Germany must find millions of marks.

**THE UNITED STATES TRANSPORT "GENERAL ALEXANDER PATCH" IS TOWED INTO THE HARBOUR AT BREMERHAVEN WITH REINFORCEMENTS FOR THE AMERICAN ARMY IN EUROPE: On the quayside stood gunners of the U.S. Army, ready to fire a 17-gun salute for General Juin and a 13-gun salute for Major-General Hartness, the Commander of the 4th Infantry Division, the first of the new divisions to reach Europe, where a total of six American divisions is now going to be stationed. Eleven hundred men were aboard the *General Alexander Patch*.**

**THE FIRST DETACHMENT COMES ASHORE FROM THE TRANSPORT "GENERAL ALEXANDER PATCH": An officer seen leading his men down the gangway on arrival at Bremerhaven.** The first of the enlisted men to land is seen halfway down the gangway. This private, Edwin H. Sternberg, was born at Breslau, and during the Hitler regime he was imprisoned in the concentration camp at Oranienburg. After his release he emigrated to the United States and became an American citizen.

**WORDS OF WELCOME FROM GENERAL JUIN:** The Commander-in-Chief-designate of the Allied Armies, Central Europe, addressing the newly-arrived men of the 4th Infantry Division at an official ceremony of welcome at the Bremerhaven docks. Grouped behind General Juin are, left to right—General Thomas T. Handy, Commander-in-Chief, American troops in Europe; Lieut.-General Guillaume, who is temporarily filling the post of a Land Commander under General Eisenhower; Lieut.-General Eddy, Commander of the Seventh Army (of which the 4th Division now becomes a part); and Major-General Harlan Hartness, Commander of the 4th Division.

**THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE 4TH DIVISION DRAWN UP TO HEAR THE GREETINGS OF GENERAL JUIN:** The men parading on the quay at Bremerhaven after disembarking from the *General Alexander Patch*. From the tribune they heard General Juin and other officers emphasize that their mission is one of peace preservation.

# "THESEUS" COMES HOME

## THE 13,350-TON LIGHT FLEET CARRIER, WINNER OF THE BOYD TROPHY, RETURNS FROM KOREAN WATERS

Last week many high-ranking naval officers, including the First Sea Lord, Admiral of the Fleet Lord Fraser of North Cape, went down to Portsmouth to welcome home the Light Fleet Aircraft-Carrier H.M.S. *Theseus* at the end of her commission in the Far East. During the past nine months the *Theseus* steamed over 36,000 miles and was for many months actively engaged in air operations against the Communists in Korea. In the eighty-six days' flying off Korea *Theseus* aircraft flew more than 3,400 sorties and during this time the ship was awarded the Boyd Trophy for outstanding flying and maintenance. The Boyd Trophy, a silver model of a Swordfish aircraft, was presented for competition in the Navy in commemoration of work for naval aviation carried out by Admiral Sir Denis Boyd while he was serving as Flag Officer, Air (Home). It is now awarded annually for the finest feat of aviation in the Navy. The latest award was made during the last three months of 1950 when the Air Group on board the *Theseus* flew 2,491 hours in 1,114 sorties during three operational periods, all sorties being carried out without accident and with an average serviceability for the Group of more than 90 per cent. During his visit to the ship Lord Fraser presented the Trophy to the Commander of No. 17 Carrier Air Group in the *Theseus*.

**H.M.S. "THESEUS" PREPARES TO ENTER HARBOUR FOLLOWING HER ARRIVAL IN THE ENGLISH CHANNEL FROM KOREAN WATERS:** Shortly after leaving Falmouth, where she called for Customs clearance, the aircraft-carrier flew off her Air Group, which comprises No. 807 Squadron of Sea Fury aircraft and No. 810 Squadron of Firefly aircraft. The pilots returned to the ship at Portsmouth, where they witnessed the presentation of the Boyd Trophy, which was awarded to the *Theseus* for outstanding flying and maintenance during her service in Korean waters.

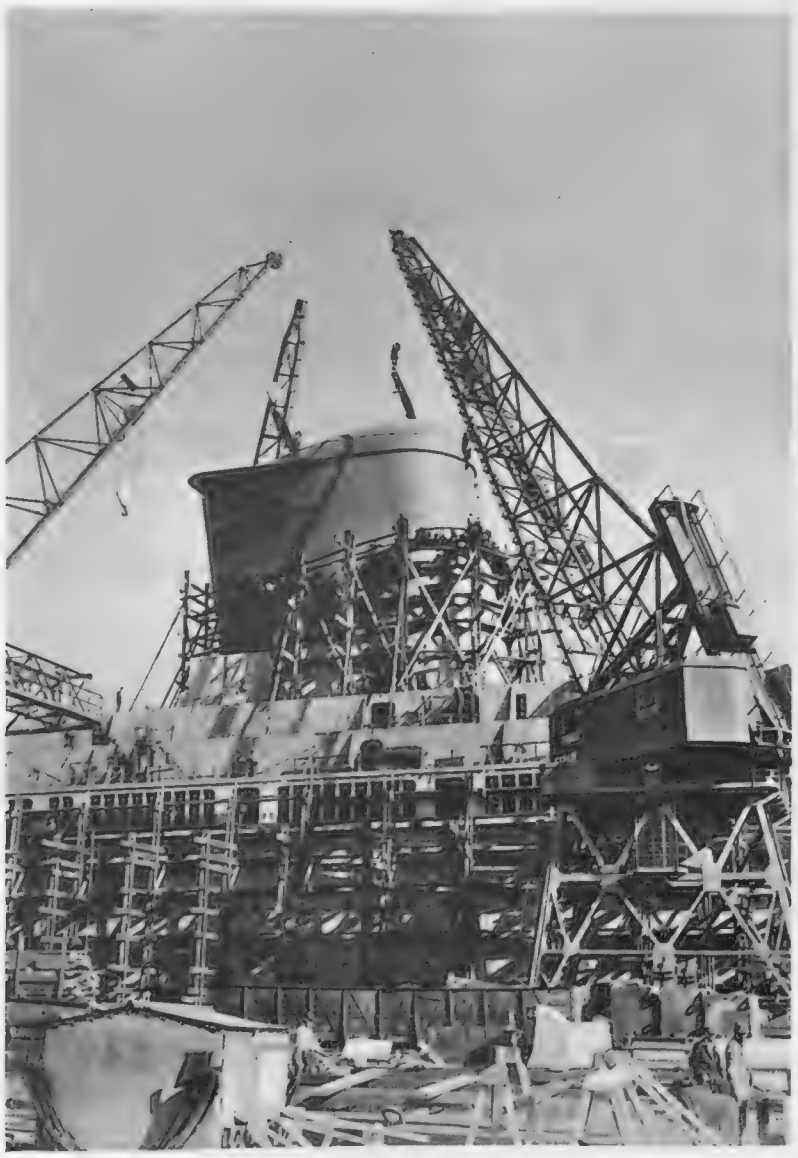
**"THESEUS" RECEIVES THE BOYD TROPHY:** The First Sea Lord presenting the Trophy to Lieut.-Commander M. P. G. Smith at Portsmouth. Next to Lord Fraser is Captain A. S. Bolt, Commanding Officer of the *Theseus*.

**NEARING THE END OF HER VOYAGE:** A Sea Otter of H.M.S. *Theseus* is hoisted outboard during the flying-off operations of the ship's aircraft. During her commission *Theseus* sailed over 36,000 miles, and her air group flew more than 3,400 sorties against the Communists.

**"ROLLING HOME"—H.M.S. "THESEUS" SAILS UP-CHANNEL TO RECEIVE A GREAT WELCOME AT PORTSMOUTH:** Men of the ship's company lined up on the flight-deck to spell out the ship's name and provide this aerial picture, as the *Theseus* steamed up-Channel prior to her arrival at Portsmouth. As the carrier entered harbour salutes were exchanged between ship and shore and the Royal Marine band played "Here We Are Again." Her paying-off pendant fluttered from the mainmast.

# NEWS from TWO PORTS, LONDON and NEW YORK

THE LARGEST PASSENGER SHIP EVER TO ENTER THE POOL OF LONDON—THE 7,700-TON SWEDISH LLOYD LINER "PATRICIA" IN CHARGE OF A TUG DURING HER VISIT TO THE THAMES ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE FROM GOTHENBURG: The *Patricia* made fast at New Fresh Wharf, London Bridge, having been brought stern-first through Tower Bridge. On one day she was opened for public inspection, a charge of 2s. 6d. being made for admission, and the proceeds, which amounted to £430, went to the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. On her maiden voyage the *Patricia* had 408 passengers, forty-three of whom took advantage of the company's offer to let them make the ship their headquarters while in London. It is hoped in this way to relieve pressure on London hotel accommodation during Festival Year. The *Patricia*, built on Tyneside at a cost of £1,500,000, will in future dock at Tilbury in common with other Swedish-Lloyd ships on the Gothenburg-London service. Mr. K. R. Bökman, managing director of Swedish-Lloyd, speaking at a luncheon given in the *Patricia*, declared that in the last twenty years the number of passengers exchanged between Sweden and England had risen from 10,000 in a year to 60,000 a year.



ONE OF THE GIANT 55-FT. SMOKESTACKS FOR THE NEW AMERICAN SUPER LINER "UNITED STATES" NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA, AND DUE TO MAKE HER MAIDEN VOYAGE FROM HER HOME PORT OF NEW YORK IN THE SUMMER OF 1952: Ten cars are seen alongside the funnel before it was picked up by two travelling cranes and (as depicted on *left*) installed in the liner. Work on the ship is progressing rapidly, and at the time of writing the launching ceremony is fixed for June 23. The S.S. *United States* will have a tonnage of 51,000 if measured by British standards. The contract cost of the new ship was given as 70,000,000 dollars, but it is expected that this may be exceeded by 10,000,000 dollars.

THREE GREAT LINERS, READY F... are the 27,000-ton *Britan*... season visiting Europe, th... skyway which takes motor...

THE EARLY-SUMMER EXODUS, SEEN DOCKED AT THE HUDSON RIVER PIERS OF THE CUNARD WHITE STAR COMPANY AT WEST 52ND STREET, MANHATTAN: From left to right the 81,000-ton *Queen Mary*, holder of the Blue Riband of the Atlantic, and the 35,000-ton *Mauretania*, which have been bringing over some of the first tourists of the vanguard of 200,000 who will be taking the sea route this year. On the left of the picture is De Witt Clinton Park. Between the park and the Hudson River is the route round Manhattan, enabling it to travel at speed towards the Washington Bridge, the approach to New Jersey. The tallest of the skyscrapers is the Chrysler Building.

NEW YORK TRIES OUT A NEW HARBOUR RADAR INSTALLATION TO GUIDE INCOMING AND OUTGOING TRAFFIC THROUGH THE MAZE OF SHIPPING: *Above*—John Culbertson, Project Director of the Port of New York Authority Radar Information Centre at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, receiving directions on the two-way radio from Fort Wadsworth as he stood aboard the S.S. *Wanderer*. After a nine-months trial it will be his task to recommend for or against a permanent harbour radar installation in New York. *On left*—The radar scanners at Fort Wadsworth. Standing beneath them are Admiral E. J. Moran, chairman of the Harbour Radar Advisory Committee, and W. P. Hedden, Director of Port Development.

Radar and radio telephony for harbour control, which has been tried out with success in the Isle of Man and at Sunderland, on England's north-east coast, are obviously of vital importance in great terminal ports where everything from the cross-harbour ferry-boat to the Atlantic liner may cross each other's paths. New York is at present experimenting with radar-control equipment over a nine-months period, Mr. John Culbertson, Project Director of the Port of New York Authority, being charged with the task of developing a suitable system at his Fort Wadsworth headquarters on Staten Island. The most recent important experiments in England were made in January of this year at Hythe, Hants, when a mobile unit developed by Decca Radar Ltd. was demonstrated as it directed a motor-yacht in the narrow approaches to the port of Southampton. This demonstration showed that the requirements of radar for port supervision are more stringent than those for shipborne equipment; the radar screen must present a picture of the harbour with a maximum possible definition and clarity. In the Decca system these requirements have been achieved by the production of radar equipment which uses a very narrow radio beam.

Several ranges are possible, but, in order to cover the area adequately, the apparatus is adjusted to reach out a mile and three-quarters, and at this comparatively short range it is possible to discriminate between echoes within 10 yards of one another. Using a beam of only 7 degrees, ships do not merely show up on the screen as spots of light, they assume a definite length.

**THEY CALL IT THE FIRST TRAILER TRUCK OF THE AIR, OR THE FLYING PACK PLANE: This view of the XC 120, which has just completed a phase of its flight-testing at U.S. Air Materiel Command's base at Dayton, Ohio, shows the detachable fuselage being withdrawn from the main body of the plane. Among members of the Services who have seen the plane under test, medical officers have been particularly enthusiastic, noting its potentialities as an advanced echelon operating unit. Except for the detachable fuselage, the XC 120 resembles the C 119, the Flying Box Car which has already played such a magnificent part in the Korean war.**

# The AVOIRDUPOIS OF FLIGHT

## FAIRCHILD'S INTRODUCE THEIR FLYING PACK PLANE, A DETACHABLE FUSELAGE TRANSPORT

The airborne operations of the United States Air Force in Korea have been spectacular to a degree and markedly successful, notably in General Ridgway's spring offensive on the Imjin River, near Munsan, when Flying Box Cars dropped a big parachute force equipped with artillery, jeeps and the fullest possible medical facilities. It was indeed a triumph for the Flying Box Cars, those remarkable products of the Fairchild Aircraft Division.

Now Fairchild's have taken their great invention a stage further in its evolution. The Flying Box Car is to be succeeded by the Flying Pack Plane, the two machines being very similar in design save for the fact that the new model, the XC 120, has a completely detachable fuselage, which can be picked up and set down at will. In the XC 120 a shallow nacelle accommodates the crew and beneath this nacelle goes the pack. Various types of pack, fitted for various military functions, are being developed. For example, as a medical unit a pack can accommodate thirty-six stretcher-cases and three attendants. The majority of the packs will have approximately 2,900 cubic feet capacity.

Because the entire lower part of the main fuselage forms the pack, the tricycle landing gear of the C 119 has been replaced by a four-wheel gear, wheels being situated beneath nacelles and booms.

It is envisaged that if the pack is used as an operating theatre it can be set down at a point near the field of battle and at the end of its usefulness in one given spot can be picked up and moved to another point without delay. Study is being given to the idea of dropping the pack in flight or of skidding it off on to the ground from a low altitude.

The recent trials of the Pack Plane aroused the greatest interest in military circles in the United States, and demonstration trips to Randolph Field, Texas, to Eglin Field, Florida, and Fort Benning, Georgia, enabled the prototype to be shown to large numbers of serving officers. The flight characteristics of the Pack Plane have given every satisfaction, the machine being comparable to the Box Car in power, speed and climb.

*On right and above—*

**THE FLYING PACK PLANE WITH AND WITHOUT ITS POD: In the picture on the right the XC 120 is seen engaged on a delivery flight with the pod protruding from beyond the nose and well back towards the tail. The picture above shows the machine without the pack.**

A LANDING-CRAFT PUTS IN NEAR LULWORTH COVE, DORSET, DURING THE GREAT AMPHIBIOUS EXERCISE, NAMED "RED DAGGER," IN WHICH RESERVISTS AND TERRITORIALS TOOK PART, NO FEWER THAN TWENTY SHIPS BRINGING THEM IN TO WORBARROW BAY: This was, in fact, the first combined amphibious exercise organised by permanent volunteer reserves. The invasion troops embarked at Portsmouth, and the landings were made at dawn on the following morning. The objective of the invading troops was to link up speedily with an infantry division which was supposed to have been cut off from its seaward supply base by a strong enemy force.

# INVASION ON THE DORSET SHORE

*Reservists and Territorials Take Part in a Combined Amphibious Assault at Worbarrow Bay*

The Purbeck Hills resounded to explosions made by the invading and defending forces, Seafires flew overhead providing fighter cover, and the warship *Finisterre* pounded shore installations from the sea to add to the realism of the occasion after reservists and Territorials had gone ashore at Worbarrow Bay, Dorset, in Exercise "Red Dagger," the first combined amphibious exercise organised by permanent volunteer reserves. The initial landings at dawn were most dramatic. As the small craft drove through the surf and grounded on the beaches, soldiers of the invasion force leapt ashore. While one party made for a group of rocks running out to sea to destroy an enemy observation post, a detachment of Marine Commandos scaled a 200-ft. cliff made treacherous by the heavy rain. Two other groups of troops scrambled over the shingle for the cover of the cliffs and fought their way to gaps in the cliff-face. The initial assault was successful, but whether or not the invaders succeeded in the task set them will not be known until the umpires report.

THE ASSAULT CRAFT TOUCH THE SHORE AT ARISH MEL GAP, NEAR LULWORTH COVE: As they poured out of their craft they headed for the tapes placed up the beach by the advance parties and were thus guided to the gaps in the cliff-face. The S.S. *Finisterre* covered the landings with fire from the sea, and Seafires flew overhead, also affording protection.

AFTER THE INFANTRY CAME THE TANKS: *Left*—A tank seen on reaching the shore from a landing craft. *Right*—A roadway leading up one of the assault beaches. It had been laid by men of the Royal Engineers to ensure that fighting vehicles followed the infantry into the beach-head with all speed. After the beach-head was established, a fierce tank battle broke out in the forward sectors as an attempt was made to link up with an infantry division which had been cut off.

JOURNEY TO MOURZOUK

# IN THE STEPS OF LECLERC'S DESERT BATTALIONS

*Men of the Cameron Highlanders and the Foreign Legion Go By Jeep into Fezzan*

General Leclerc, the cavalry officer who rallied French Equatorial Africa to de Gaulle and marched up from Chad to menace the fortified zone of Tripoli, en route striking terror into the Italian garrisons of the Fezzan, capturing the airfield at Sebha and reducing the city of Mourzouk, was the instigator of one of the great dramatic exploits on African terrain in the Second World War. How Leclerc's column eventually reached Tripoli and joined up with the Eighth Army thrilled the world in 1943, not long after the bells of Britain had rung out for victory at Alamein, and Stalingrad had betokened the turning of the tide in Europe.

A few weeks ago a party of officers and men of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders set out from Tripoli, joining en route to the south a party of Foreign Legionaries, and together they traversed in jeeps the sandy deserts and the escarpments which Leclerc's men knew so well, journeying 500 miles from oasis to oasis, from El Gheriat to Braak, from Braak to Sebha, until eventually they arrived at Mourzouk, scene of one of the greatest engagements of the Free French strike from Chad. There the Cameron Highlanders and the Legionaries took part in a service at the graves of Colonel D'Ornana and Sergeant Hewson, a gallant Frenchman and a gallant New Zealander who fell in the Mourzouk fighting. For Colonel Clayton, a soldier of the long-range desert group in wartime days, who flew from Cairo to join the party heading south from Tripoli, and Colonel Sarazac, at present the French Commander at Sebha, the recent visit to Mourzouk was a reunion of many memories, for they served together in the desert battalions. Colonel Clayton joined General Wavell's Long-Range Desert Group in 1940. Even then he knew the Sahara as well as any European. It was he who rescued Arabs from Kufra in 1931 and received the thanks of Egypt's King Fuad. In the war his exploits became almost legendary.

**AT THE OASIS OF EL GHERIAT OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE CAMERON HIGHLANDERS LINK UP WITH A PARTY OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION: Together they then drove on into the heart of the Fezzan, and at the oasis of Mourzouk took part in a commemoration service for those who died in the Mourzouk attack, one of the engagements fought by Leclerc's men in their advance from Lake Chad to link up with the Allied forces fighting in North Africa. The service was held above the graves of a French Colonel and a New Zealand sergeant.**

**TRIBULATIONS OF THE DESERT ROUTE: One of the jeeps in which the Cameron Highlanders made their recent journey from Tripoli to Mourzouk. Heavy ropes were carried for extricating the vehicles from soft sand. *On right*—Clearing a path for one of the jeeps across a rocky escarpment.**

**COOL WATERS AND WAVING PALMS IN THE OASIS OF BRAAK: Here, after travelling over 400 miles from Tripoli, the party of Cameron Highlanders rested before continuing on to Mourzouk, the goal of the journey. Braak lies on the Oadi Chiati. The next part of the route lay across desert, offering no shade and providing an inadequate surface for the jeeps. Then followed a halt at Sebha, seat of Colonel Sarazac, French administrator of the Fezzan area, who joined the southward-bound party.**

PARADE AT SEBHA: Colonel Clayton, a member of the British long-range desert group of the Second World War, and Colonel Sarazac, French administrator of the Fezzan, seen as they inspected Arab Legionaries and men of the Cameron Highlanders. Both Colonels took part in the wartime engagement at Mourzouk, and together they returned for the recent service for those who died in the battle. Colonel Clayton flew from Cairo to join the Cameron Highlanders on their journey.

FOREIGN LEGIONARIES AND BRITISH TROOPS LUNCH AT AN OASIS: The men resting beneath the trees in the heat of the day before continuing their arduous jeep journey.

FOREIGN LEGIONARIES AT SEBHA: In the background is one of the big forts from which the French protect their desert domain. Sebha airfield was one of the objectives successfully taken by General Leclerc on his strike northwards from Chad during the war. At the beginning of 1952 the Fezzan will be merged in the new kingdom of Libya, including also the territories of Cyrenaica and Tripolitania. French authority will then cease.

LUNCHING AT SEBHA: Cameron Highlanders and French Legionaries during another halt on their desert journey.

DRIVING INTO FORT COLONNA D'ORNANA ON ARRIVAL AT MOURZOUK, IN THE HEART OF THE FEZZAN: As the Cameron Highlanders from Tripoli and the French Foreign Legionaries arrived, mounted Arab sentries saluted them at the gates of the fort, which was adorned with French flags and the Cross of Lorraine. The fort bears the name of the French Colonel who was killed in the engagement at Mourzouk, and whose memory was honoured at the service attended by Colonel Clayton and the Cameron Highlanders.

TO THE HEROES OF CHAD: Colonel Clayton laying a wreath on the graves of Colonel D'Ornana, of France, and Sergeant Hewson, of New Zealand, both killed in the wartime attack on Mourzouk. The wreath-laying ceremony took place at the end of a short commemorative service.

THE FORT AT GHAT DAU ERG: The tricolour flying above the ramparts. The fort was visited during a side-trip from Mourzouk by the men of the Cameron Highlanders.

*Home News in Pictures*

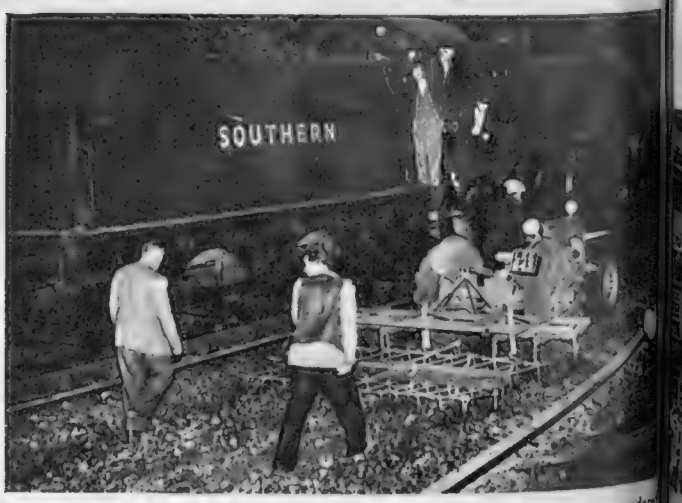
# OAK APPLE DAY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY

## New Methods of Track-laying; The Rise of the Blackwall Power Station; The Visit of the Swedish Home Fleet

**THE REVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT OAK APPLE DAY CEREMONY IN WILTSHIRE—VILLAGERS OF WISHFORD CARRY FAGGOTS TO SALISBURY CATHEDRAL: The ceremony commemorates the granting in 1603 of a Charter permitting the villagers to wood-gathering rights in Grovely Wood. *Left*—The procession passing through Wishford with the villagers carrying their oak boughs. The four faggots of dry, snappy wood and an oak bough were carried six miles to Salisbury Cathedral, where they were laid at the entrance into the Sanctuary, as seen in the picture *on the right*. The ceremony was performed on each Oak Apple Day until 100 years ago, and it was revived this year by permission of the Dean of Salisbury. On the same day the villagers of Wishford commemorated the occasion by holding open-air dances.**

**"THIS WAS THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF OF COMBINED OPERATIONS": Earl Mountbatten, Chief of Combined Operations from 1942 to 1943, unveiling a tablet in the room which he used as his headquarters in the new building at New Scotland Yard. Also in the picture from left to right are Lady Keyes, widow of Admiral Keyes (who occupied the room during 1940-41), Countess Mountbatten and Major-General R. E. Laycock, who was Chief of Combined Operations from 1943-47. Earl Mountbatten used the room at the time when the plans were made for the Allied landings in Normandy.**

**THE ARCHBISHOP TELLS OF THE TRAIN THAT WAITED FOR HIM: The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, speaking at a reception given in his honour by the Joint Empire Societies at the Royal Empire Society. During his speech Dr. Fisher referred to his recent ten-week tour of Australia and New Zealand and said that when he crossed the Australian desert by train "it waited for two hours at Kalgoorlie so that I could have a civic reception." The Archbishop then said that at Perth, where he was provided with a mounted escort, one of the horses sneezed seven times through the car window. The 100 guests at the London reception were received by the Earl of Clarendon (chairman, Joint Empire Societies Conference), Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield (Royal Empire Society) and Lady Chatfield, Sir Eric Machtig (Victoria League) and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore (Overseas League).**




**NEW METHODS OF TRACK-LAYING ON THE SOUTHERN REGION OF BRITISH RAILWAYS—TRACTORS PREPARE THE WAY FOR NEW LINES: The tractors have been ordered by the British Railways Southern Region in order to help in the preparation of the track-bed during repairs to the permanent-way. These pictures show week-end tests which have been carried out by British Railways at Battle, Sussex. The railway authorities say that with the use of tractors track-laying operations can be carried out in a fraction of the time taken by a large gang of platelayers. The cultivating gear of the tractor makes the bed of the track even and ready to take the rails.**

LONDON'S LATEST POWER STATION TAKES SHAPE: An aerial view of the Brunswick Wharf Power Station, which is now being built alongside the River Thames at Blackwall. The £12,000,000 station, situated in the London Division of the British Electricity Authority, is in an advanced stage of construction and it is expected to go into operation early next year. Its output will be 330,000 kilowatts. Colliers of up to 8,000 tons from the northern coalfields will berth alongside the power station. Historic Brunswick Wharf was for long associated with shipbuilding and repairing for the Navy and East India Company. The most stirring times at Blackwall were during the days of sail, when Blackwall clippers and frigates made their name world-famous. Many emigrant ships set sail from Blackwall, including the three led by Captain John Smith, who left Britain in 1606 to pioneer the colony of Virginia.

FOUNDERS' DAY CEREMONIES AT THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA: The Princess Royal inspecting the Chelsea Pensioners during the annual Founders' Day Parade on Oak Apple Day. Following the Princess is the Governor of the Royal Hospital, General Sir Bernard Paget. *Below*—The Princess Royal takes the salute at the march-past. Oak Apple Day commemorates the birthday of Charles II on May 29, 1630, and the day in 1660 when he rode into London at the time of the Restoration.

UNITS OF THE SWEDISH HOME FLEET PAY A GOODWILL VISIT TO BRITAIN: The cruiser *Göta Lejon* and the destroyer *Uppland* seen at their moorings at Greenwich following their arrival from Rosyth. *Below*—Admiral Kinahan, President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, pays a visit to the *Göta Lejon* during her week's stay in the Thames. Admiral Kinahan was repaying the courtesy call made on him by Rear-Admiral Stig. H: son Ericson, Commander-in-Chief of the Swedish Home Fleet (seen on the extreme right). During their stay in London some 230 officers and ratings from the Swedish ships marched from the Horse Guards Parade to the Cenotaph in Whitehall, where a wreath was laid by Admiral Ericson. The men also paid visits to the Festival of Britain Exhibition.

# With the Whalers of South Georgia

## ONCE AGAIN A RICH HARVEST IS REAPED FROM THE WATERS OF THE ANTARCTIC

A visit to glacier-topped South Georgia Island, the dependency of the Falkland Islands upon which Chile and the Argentine have cast envious glances in recent years, reveals that whaling, far from having been "killed" by the discovery of petroleum in 1859, is to-day a very busy—and a very profitable—enterprise. Thanks to petroleum, indeed, modern whaling is a thriving industry, and South Georgia Island is its largest base. Two-thirds of the world's whale-catch is made in the waters surrounding it, and during the recent Antarctic summer ships of many nations have been gathered there. The catch currently totals more than 16,000 of the mammals each year. Boiled down, that number of whales yields some 338,000 tons of oil, which at the price of 328 dollars a ton pours about 111,000,000 dollars into the whalers' pockets. What makes this sum even more remarkable is that during the biggest year in the lush whaling decades between 1840 and 1860, 11,000,000 dollars was the best American whalers could do. (At that time about three-quarters of the whaling ships flew the American flag.)

The difference between the whaling business in 1850 and to-day is a great deal more than just 100 years. In 1850 sailing-ships ranged the globe searching for right and sperm whales. Right whales were especially prized for the ton or more of whalebone or "baleen" in their mouths. It was this whalebone which stiffened the corsets of Victorian ladies, and formed the framework of their umbrellas. Whale oil burned in the street lights of many cities, in addition to curing leather and lubricating machinery. To-day whalebone has been replaced by flexible metals and plastics, electricity lights the streets and petroleum oils do practically all the lubrication work. To-day's whale oil goes into margarine, glycerine, soap and candle-making, and it still cures leather. The bone and meat become cattle food and fertiliser, while certain organs have valuable medicinal uses.

**THE WHALE FACTORY AT SOUTH GEORGIA AT THE HEIGHT OF THE WHALING SEASON: Upon the flensing yard in the distance can be seen part of the carcase of a whale which is to be rendered down in the adjoining factory. Of recent years Britain and other countries have used whale factory ships, and this system has led to a considerable stepping-up of production. In 1948 the whale factory ship *Balaena* actually made a season's catch valued at £3,000,000. She captured, with the aid of her satellite craft, some 3,000 whales during four months.**

**BENEATH THE FROWNING CLIFFS OF SOUTH GEORGIA: The radio station which keeps the world informed of the progress of whaling operations. An international agreement requires regular reporting of whale catches. South Georgia was discovered in 1775 by Captain Cook.**

How whaling flourished, almost died, and is now more prosperous than ever before is a tribute to human ingenuity. By 1880 right whales, chased persistently for 1,000 years with varying success, had been practically exterminated. In 1906 so few whales were being caught that whale oil stood at 115 dollars per ton, and whalebone brought 12,500 dollars per ton.

What stymied the whalers was a virtual disappearance of the species of whale on which they had made a living for so long. And they knew no way to catch and kill other kinds. Where the right whale had no dorsal-fin along his back and conveniently stayed afloat after being killed, the so-called fin-whales were just the opposite. Operating from small, 30-ft. rowing-boats, even four of these chasers were unable to handle a sinking giant weighing 100 tons. Assuming, of course, that first they could sink several harpoons into the whale without being overturned.

Paradoxically, while Dutch, British, American and other whalers were wringing their hands helplessly, Norwegian whaling was booming by comparison. The Norwegians were using a closely-guarded, revolutionary system for hunting the fin-whale. In 1860 Svend Foyn had invented an explosive harpoon fired from a gun. He mounted the gun in the bow of a steam-driven catcher boat, and with a well-aimed shot from 50 yards away could kill a finner with a single harpoon. The whale was then reeled in by winch, blown up with compressed air, and towed to shore.

It was a lucky accident in 1903 that finally brought the Norwegian method to the Antarctic, rich in fin-whales. In February of that year a ship commanded by Captain C. A. Larsen, seasoned Norwegian whaler, was caught in the ice far south of Cape Horn. An Argentine sloop-of-war rescued all hands and landed them in Buenos Aires, where Larsen got a hero's welcome. A group of Argentinians were so impressed by Larsen's description of the Norwegian whaling system that they formed the Cia Argentina de Pesca to put it in use. Larsen became manager of the company, and in 1904 set up headquarters in Grytviken, on the island of South Georgia.

This start led to seven more whaling stations on South Georgia—four Norwegian and three British—between 1908 and 1911. The yearly catch of blue and fin whales steadily mounted from then on, reaching a total of about 10,000 by 1922.

As the number of companies engaged in whaling increased and the catch jumped year by year, there was general concern about the future. Could so many thousands of mammals be destroyed every year without becoming as scarce as their relative, the right whale? Most whaling experts didn't think so. As a result, they got together in London in 1937 and agreed to voluntary limits on the number and kinds of whales which could be taken in the Antarctic regions.

When the present season is over, the nineteen floating factories will either head for Europe with their tanks full of oil, or winter at South Georgia Island. Ten of the nineteen fly Norwegian flags, three the Union Jack of Britain, two the Japanese ensign, one each the South Africa, Dutch, Russian and Panamanian flags.

This fleet of floating factories, as their names indicate, carries the gear with which whales are processed. The blubber-cooking vats, steam saws, winches, engines and generators on each ship use 107 tons of fuel oil each day. In addition to bunkers for itself the factory ship fuels a fleet of about twelve catchers. The catchers, each between 120 and 180 ft. long, use up another 12 tons or more of fuel oil a day. At this rate, a typical whaling "expedition" uses up a full tanker-load of bunker fuel every month. Modern whaling would be infinitely harder and more expensive without petroleum's helping hand.

**THE MODERN HARPOON GUN IN THE BOWS OF A WHALE-CATCHING VESSEL: Hit by this deftly-aimed harpoon, the whale stands no chance of escape. Three seconds after the harpoon head has entered the whale, an explosive charge drives open a set of prongs.**

BRITAIN'S LATEST DIESEL LOCOMOTIVE ON TRIAL—THE NO. 10100 SEEN AT MARYLEBONE STATION, NORTH LONDON: This is the prototype of a multi-engined, mechanical transmission Diesel locomotive designed for use on express passenger and freight services by British Railways. The results of its performances on main-line routes will be compared with those of steam and Diesel-electric locomotives. The locomotive, No. 10100, with a 4—8—4 wheelbase, was built at Derby. It is powered by four Davey Paxman 12-cylinder Diesel engines, each of 500 h.p., with two auxiliary A.E.C. Diesel engines, each developing 150 h.p., driving the supercharging blowers and other auxiliary equipment. It weighs 116 tons, and, with a top speed of 78 miles an hour, is expected to be able to travel from Euston to Glasgow non-stop. Fuel capacity is about 700 gallons of oil. No. 10100 is the most powerful Diesel locomotive yet built for use on British railways, and it differs from other Diesel locomotives in use on main-line services by employing mechanical transmission through a gear-box instead of electric transmission. Mechanical transmission has not hitherto proved practical for other than comparatively small shunting locomotives.

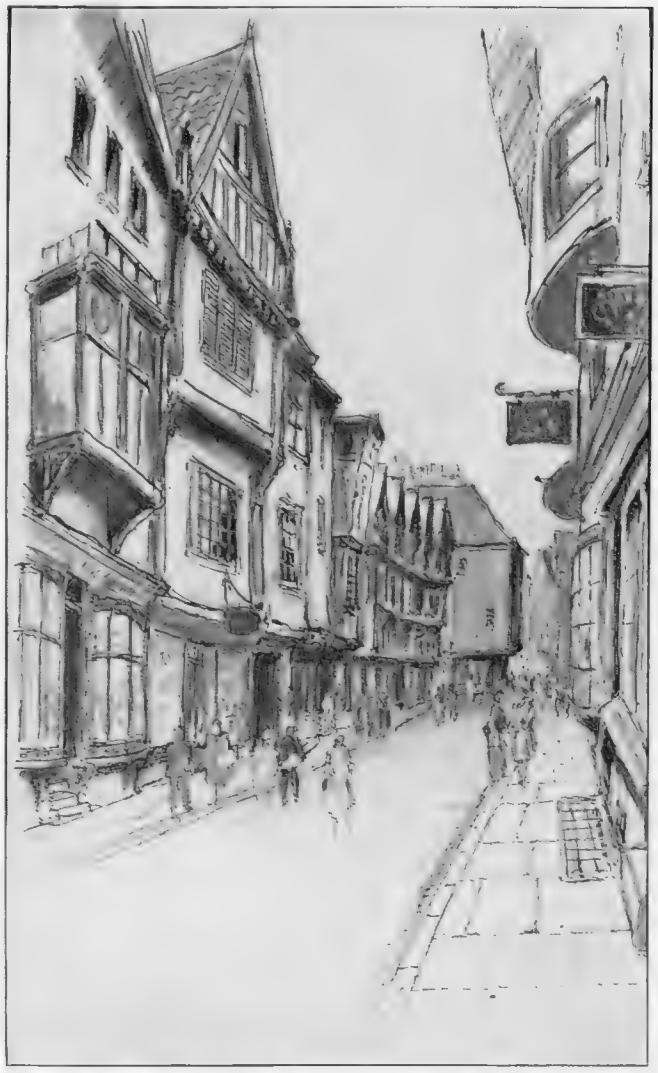
# DIESELS ON THE LINE IN BRITAIN AND AMERICA

*The Erie Railroad Celebrates the Centenary of the Opening of a Famous Trunk Route*

AN AMERICAN TRAIN OF 1851 STANDING BESIDE THE ERIE RAILROAD'S MOST MODERN DIESEL LOCOMOTIVE ON THE TRACKS AT SUFFERN, NEW YORK: The engine of 1851 was brought out to mark the centenary of the opening by the Erie Railroad of their 446-mile track between Piermont, New York, and Dunkirk, New York, from the Hudson River to Lake Erie. In 1851 President Millard Fullmore and Secretary of State Daniel Webster headed the party of notables which made the inaugural journey on what was then the longest trunk route in America, and last month 150 specially-invited guests travelled along the same route drawn by this locomotive of 1851 vintage—a William Mason engine. Just to be on the safe side, the modern Diesel accompanied the expedition. The guests rode in an old-time coach.

GAZING INTO THE MYSTERIES OF NO. 10100: The new mechanical-transmission Diesel locomotive on view at Marylebone Station, London. The engine is 50 ft. long.

DRIVING-CABS AND CONTROLS ARE DUPLICATED AT EACH END OF THE NEW BRITISH DIESEL LOCOMOTIVE: It is therefore never necessary to place the engine on a turntable. The engine has a relatively light axle-load, enabling it to be used over a wide range of routes.



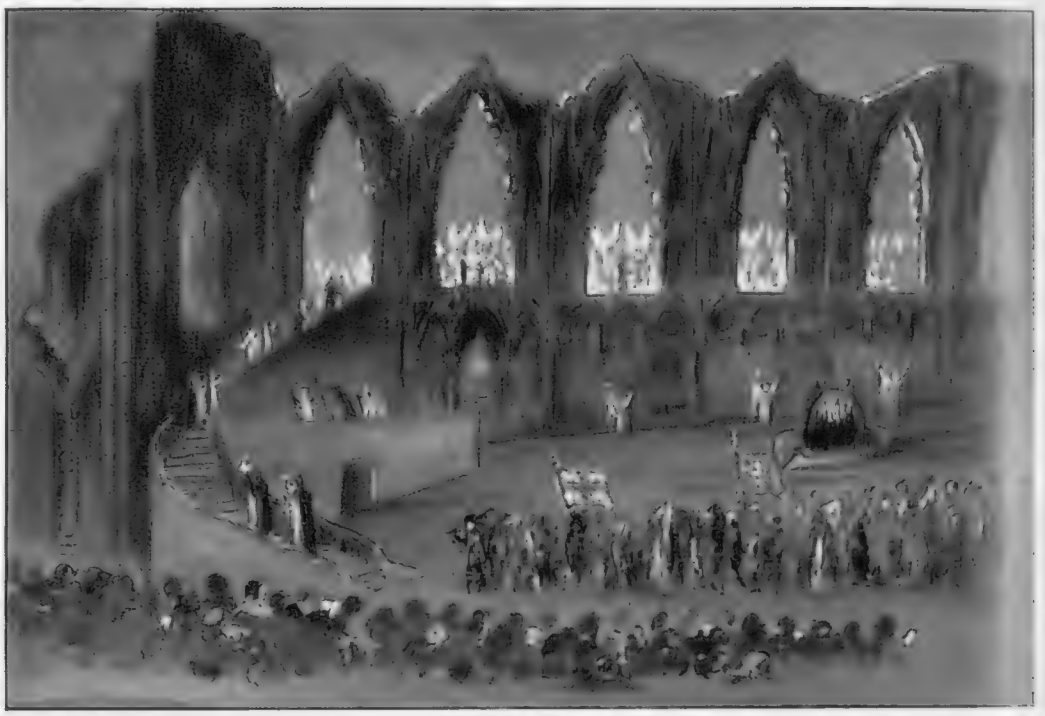
**ANCIENT STONEGATE, YORK, IN WHICH IS SITUATED THE CELEBRATED STAR INN :** This is the view looking westwards along Stonegate with the Star Inn situated on the north side. Repairs along Stonegate and The Shambles were carried out before the opening of the York Festival of Britain celebrations on June 3. The Star was the setting for an old poem describing the scene when the loyal landlord, William Foster, saw his inn filled with Roundhead troops, flushed with victory, following their arrival in York during the Civil War.

**A FOCAL-POINT FOR VISITORS TO THE YORK FESTIVAL—THE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ASSEMBLY ROOMS IN BLAKE STREET, IN WHICH IS HOUSED THE FESTIVAL CLUB :** The building, a reminder of the days when York exceeded Bath as a centre of elegance and fashion, has been completely restored to play a part in the York Festival of Music, Drama, Art and Architecture, which forms part of the city's Festival celebrations. The Festival Club is open to visitors during the celebrations which go on until June 17. The Assembly Rooms will also be the scene of the masked Georgian Costume Ball to be held on Friday, June 15.

# YORK BIDS WELCOME TO FESTIVAL VISITORS

*The Ancient City Plays a Prominent Part in the Festival of Britain Celebrations*

Special "Sphere" Drawings by Percy Home



**THE SETTING FOR THE YORK CYCLE OF MYSTERY PLAYS :** This is the scene as "Heaven" appears in the window-spaces of the north wall of the ruined nave of St. Mary's Abbey during the performance of the York Mystery Plays. The plays form a shortened version of the original York Cycle of Mystery Plays as performed by the York City Guilds on each Corpus Christi Day from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. They trace the great drama of man's history from the creation and the Life of Christ. The spectators are seated in two blocks of seats facing the west end of the nave, while on their left has been built a symbolic "hill" which serves both as the Garden of Eden and Gethsemane

**A REMINDER OF THE DAYS WHEN YORK WAS A STAPLE TOWN—THE ANCIENT MERCHANT ADVENTURERS' HALL WHICH IS BEING USED FOR CHAMBER MUSIC AND RECITALS :** The Great Hall of the Merchant Adventurers was built between 1357 and 1368, and the entrance, which is in Fossgate, about 1560. The Adventurers Company is the most famous of all the York Guilds.

**STONEGATE UNDER REPAIR :** These old timber dwellings form part of the ancient buildings, which are now being restored to their former glory

York, with its city walls, its great Minster, its river and its many historic buildings and streets, provides a noble setting for a Festival. The city's Festival of Britain celebrations opened on Sunday, June 3, the Archbishop of York preaching at Morning Service in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter. The religious aspect of the occasion was wholly fitting, for the church has always dominated the life of the York citizens. It was fitting, too, that on this opening day visitors should flock to the Museum Gardens to witness the first performance of the York Mystery Plays

The York Festival is promoted, as part of the Festival of Britain, by the York Festival Society Ltd., in association with the Corporation of the City of York and the Arts Council of Great Britain. During these two weeks of Festival the organisers are presenting a varied programme in which music, drama, art and architecture have great prominence. In its presentation of music in the Minster, the Rialto and the Merchant Adventurers' Hall, the city has been fortunate in securing the services of prominent artists. Sir Adrian Boult, Sir John Barbirolli and Maurice Miles are conducting, and the soloists include Gladys Ripley and Dennis Noble. In the Museum Gardens, within the ruins of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary, the Festival performances of the York Mystery Plays are the first to be given in anything approaching the original completeness since 1580. In the present production Mr. E. Martin Browne has compressed the forty-eight plays which compose the cycle into a version which is taking about three hours to perform. Originally the plays were acted on a series of two-decker waggons decorated by the crafts and trade guilds. Each evening the Minster, the city walls, the river and historic buildings are illuminated, while a guard-mounting ceremony takes place outside St. Peter's, following which guards take post on the city walls.

**THE LOVE OF FOUR COLONELS: Moira Lister as the British, American, French and Russian charmer in Peter Ustinov's new play, *The Love of Four Colonels*, at Wyndham's Theatre. Peter Ustinov has written a brilliant fantasy in which four colonels of the Allied Control Commission in Germany are transported to a magic castle in which dwells a Fairy Princess whom each can visualise and woo after his fashion. There follow four sketches with the colonels played by Colin Gordon (English), Alan Gifford (American), Eugene Deckers (French) and Theodore Bikel (Russian).** South African Moira Lister as the Sleeping Beauty wakens to play opposite each in turn. Ustinov himself plays the part of the bad fairy who, with the good fairy (Gwen Cherrell), arranges the transport to Fairyland. The four playlets are then performed on a stage inside the stage proper. Finally, the colonels are permitted to see and hear their own wives having a heart-to-heart talk unaware of their husbands' intrusion. None of the colonels wins the Princess, but the Frenchman and the American decide to stay behind and share her next long sleep. The play is produced by John Fernald.

# SIDELIGHTS on the FOOTLIGHTS

PETER USTINOV'S NEW PLAY AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE: THE LYRIC REVUE AT HAMMERSMITH: ACTORS' EQUITY DISCUSSES UNEMPLOYMENT

**BAR AUX FOLIES-BERGÈRE: Irlin Hall as the lady of the Manet picture in a scene from *The Lyric Revue* at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.** The Company of Four has departed from its usual practice of producing a show at Hammersmith prior to the West End, and its new revue will remain there for an indefinite run. Arthur Macrae has written the best of the sketches and lyrics in an intimate revue which does not for once cater only for an audience initiated into stage backchat. Noël Coward has contributed a side-glance at the Festival of Britain in "Don't Make Fun of the Fair." The "Bar aux Folies-Bergère" is by Gerard Bryant with music by Charles Zwar. Plays, films and television all come in for some pointed and witty satire and George Benson gives two domestic monologues—*Scoop*, by H. F. Ellis, on the trials of the heating boiler; and *French Cooking*, by Paul Dehn, on the effect of a French cookery book on an English cook. *The Lyric Revue* is produced by William Chappell, who is also responsible for the colourful costumes and the dance arrangements

**SOMETHING FOR THE KIDDIES:** Roberta Huby and Myles Eason in Arthur Macrae's parody of Peter Pan as it might have been written by Tennessee Williams. This is one of several take-offs of plays and playwrights culminating in a hilarious version of Ibsen's *Ghosts*, re-styled *Kiss Me, Mrs. Alving*, and a potted version of Anouilh's *Point of Departure*.

**EQUITY HAS A STORMY MEETING: Derrick de Marney, Michael Denison, and Clive Morton at the annual general meeting of the British Actors' Equity Association which was held at Wyndham's Theatre. Dame Sybil Thorndike and Dame Edith Evans spoke against the setting-up of a sub-committee to consider regulating entry into the profession, but the resolution was passed by 111 votes to 62.** Dame Sybil was emphatic that some of the best people on the stage to-day would have failed utterly in an examination. She said that she could not believe in her profession if it were not to be free. "We must have freedom. I think personally that we have become too darned respectable," she said. Dame Edith Evans, now acting with Dame Sybil Thorndike in *Waters of the Moon* at the Haymarket Theatre, said that she thought that the best way to regulate entry was to stop telling people that the stage was a glamorous profession, and suggested telling them that it was just hard work. The present Old Vic controversy was mentioned and Peter Copley proposed a resolution—which was carried—protesting that the theatrical profession is not represented on the board of governors of the Old Vic.

***On left*—THE PRESIDENT OF ACTORS' EQUITY ADDRESSES THE MEETING: Felix Aylmer blamed the failure of the film industry as the outstanding cause of unemployment among actors and actresses.**

**THE FESTIVAL LIGHTS SHINE OUT ACROSS THE THAMES ON CHELSEA REACH : The illuminated outlines of Albert Bridge give a fairylike quality to this stretch of the Thames in the vicinity of the Battersea Pleasure Gardens. Beneath the main span of the bridge can be seen the illuminated quay at which river buses make fast when bringing passengers to the Pleasure Gardens from the South Bank Exhibition. In the far distance are the chimneys of Battersea Power Station.**

# THE LIGHTS OF BATTERSEA

## ATTRACTIONS ON THE RIVER AND AT THE PLEASURE GARDENS WHERE 120,000 PEOPLE WENT LAST SATURDAY

The £2,500,000 Battersea Pleasure Gardens have opened in a riot of colour and light, and if thousands of Londoners and visitors to London withheld their patronage from the display in the first days, it was because the cold evenings did not favour the excursion to this riverside resort in the Vauxhall, Ranelagh and Cremorne tradition. During last week, however, attendance improved rapidly, and there were vast crowds each night to see the fire-work displays. There was much admiration for the illuminated Albert Bridge which, with Chelsea Bridge, constitutes one of the main approaches to the gardens. On weekdays the Battersea Pleasure Gardens are open from 10.30 a.m. to 11.30 p.m., and for the 2s. entrance fee the visitor has a host of free shows to see, and others which can be seen for the outlay of a few shillings. Undoubtedly the greatest of the free attractions at the first opening of the Gardens was the comedy clock, with its whirlwind action when striking the quarters.

**THE NIGHTLY FIREWORK DISPLAY IN THE MAIN VISTA OF THE BATTERSEA PLEASURE GARDENS : A cascade of light in the main concourse, round which are grouped the dance pavilion and other places of entertainment. twin turrets, a flaming beacon flanking the Fountain Lakes and providing a dramatic illuminated feature during**

WDS THRONG ROUND THE FESTIVAL CLOCK, WHICH STRIKES THE QUARTERS WITH A WHIRLWIND OF MOVEMENT: This happy inspiratic in the Battersea Pleasure Gardens draws large crowds every fift en minutes of the day, when they gather to hear its chimes a d see its wooden duck, policemen, toucans and fishermen bre k out in a series of quaint actions. The chimes are played b a Mad Hatter, a town crier, two woodpeckers and six acrob s. The final phase of each movement is when the roundabout at he summit of the clock opens out in umbrella fashion.

THE PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW: Like the clock, this is another big attraction of the Gardens. Percy Press and Bruce Macloud present this lively show, which is sponsored by Sharp's Kreemy Toffee. Another attractive show in the opening days of the Gardens was the presentation in the Amphitheatre of *Orlando's Silver Wedding*, a production with lyrics, scenery and costumes by Kathleen Hale. The central character is Orlando, the Marmalade Cat. On Sundays in the Amphitheatre the main attraction is a service of hymns. Last Saturday the record number of 120,578 people were admitted to the Festival Gardens and Fun-Fair, thus beating the record for the 1851 exhibition in the Crystal Palace when 109,115 people were admitted. Takings at the Pleasure Gardens last Saturday amounted to nearly £12,000. The admission figures for the South Bank were 85,759.

Fountain Lakes —One of the rs of darkness.

THRILLS OF THE LAKESIDE STAGE, A FREE SHOW STAGED THREE TIMES EVERY WEEKDAY IN THE PLEASURE GARDENS: *Left*—Johnny Caross, the Television Mast Man, giving his display at a height of 140 ft. above the ground. *Right*—One of the juggling acts on the stage. In the background is seen the Dance Pavilion, where there are sessions from 3 p.m. to 11 p.m. every weekday. Admission to the promenade in the dance hall is free.

*The World of Books*—By VERNON FANE

# MARK CLARK AND THE CALCULATED RISK

*Another Allied General Adds His Forthright Testimony to the Record of the Second World War*

SINCE the war Allied generals have been breaking into print at the rate of about four a year, and not always with as much success as they had in the field. General Mark Clark, however, who is Chief of the U.S. Army Field Forces, has written his personal story of the war in North Africa and Italy, and has made a fascinating book of it. It will be a controversial book, because the General is bluntly outspoken, holds extremely positive views and expresses them unequivocally. He disagreed with British generals and with American politicians from time to time, and had no hesitation in saying so, and he was frequently on terms of exasperation with his Russian colleagues. But—and the "but" is an enormously significant one—his object was at all times the successful prosecution of the war, and to make this possible he worked for real Allied co-operation and for as great a degree of inter-Allied understanding as was possible.

CALCULATED RISK (Harrap. 22s. 6d.) may well prove to be one of the essential books to anyone studying the conduct of World War II, and if so, it will not only be due to the accuracy which General Eisenhower mentions in his opinion of it, but to the broad humanity and the simple and direct style in which it is written. General Clark has a way of stating facts and leaving comment to the reader that is remarkably effective, and in this way he deals with the Darlan affair, the controversy over the bombing of Cassino Monastery, the Anzio landings, and the occasions on which the Americans bombed their own side, once nearly making a victim of the General himself.

EAST OF HOME (Gollancz. 16s.) is a travel book with a difference; the experiences in Japan, China, Siam and Bali of a young Indian lady whose father was the first Indian Ambassador appointed to Japan after the war. Santha Rama Rau, who is also the niece of Sir Benegal Rau, writes as a traveller who is more interested in people than places, and in people's activities than their appearances. The result of this is a book that appeals more to the mind than the visual imagination, and that stimulates without charming. Although the author shows an imperturbable good humour, which must make her a delightful travelling companion, and an unfailing good taste, which makes her book a pleasure to read, I would like to have known far more about the physical characteristics of the people whose conversations I am convinced she reports so accurately.

How do you like your films? Penny plain or twopence coloured? Idyllic or ideological? Two books recently published will introduce you to two film-makers as different from each other as chalk from cheese, or Pascal from *pastrami*, yet both in their contrasted ways were pioneers. CAME THE DAWN (Phœnix. 16s.) is a book of memoirs by Mr. Cecil M. Hepworth, whose name will always be linked with early English movies and is, at the present time, associated with a branch of the work of the British Board of Film Censors, which he took some part in founding. The title of these reminiscences will take middle-aged readers back to the days when movies were well nicknamed "flickers," and when a single pianist pounded away at those monotonously "appropriate" tunes in the darkness below the screen. Mr. Hepworth writes in a mellow and elegiac mood, and although many of the experiences he relates must have been disconcerting, to put it mildly, he has no bitterness to unleash on life in general or film colleagues in particular. His own charming little drawings help to illustrate the text, which is also greatly enlivened by a collection of photographs from such early epics as *Anna the Adventuress* and *The Outrage*.

FILM FORM (Dobson. 18s. 6d.) is something else again. This collection of essays by the late Sergei Eisenstein deals with film theory, and while it will be of absorbing interest to the keen and serious student, it will possibly not have the widest of appeals to those who go to a cinema for unintellectual reasons. The name of Eisenstein, director of *Ivan the Terrible* and *Ten Days That Shook the World*, means a very great deal to people who have a real feeling for the development of film technique, because in his career (poorly documented in this book, by the way), they can trace so many innovations of motion-picture production, and planning from the point of view of visual impact. All in all, this is an impressive book and one that should convince a great many of us that film-making is now a major industry in some places and a form of art wherever it is practised.

**IN HIS HANDS THE TRUSTWORTHY RESTORATION OF CORRUPTED TEXTS: Professor Peter Alexander, Regius Professor of English Language and Literature at Glasgow University, is editor of the new Tudor edition of Shakespeare, to be published on June 25 by Collins at 15s.** This is the first revised text of a one-volume edition to appear in this country for fifty years and gives effect to the great advance which has been made during the present century in our knowledge of what Shakespeare probably wrote and intended. Professor Alexander has been working on the *Tudor Shakespeare* for seven years, in the course of which he has read the million words five times. The book has taken two years to print.

A novel about a woman and two men who are in love with her—a woman, moreover, who can't decide with which of the men she is more in love—sounds simple, and some might even say that it was downright banal. But I must tell you that this is the sketchiest outline of a novel by Mr. Nigel Balchin and that there is nothing either simple or banal about it. A WAY THROUGH THE WOOD (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is moving and, in its peculiarly intimate way, exciting. So long as readers can care—and I have at least one proof that they do care—about what happens to other human beings even when presented through the medium of fiction, then novels like this will make their very definite mark.

This is a first-person story as told by the husband of an attractive, irresponsible young woman who is at the same time gentle and generous-minded. One of her troubles is that her husband, a creature not only of habit but of somewhat conscious rectitude, intimidates her. It is a bitter shock to him to find out that this is so, but by that time it is nearly too late and she has found a lover of engaging and amusing manner, and of a consistently volatile habit of mind. Added to this the complications of a car accident, and the mixture is by no means as before. The novel is as saddening as a personal experience told under pressure, but nevertheless makes a good story that I don't think you should miss.

There are some tenable reasons, on the other hand, for missing Mr. Julian Green's new novel, MOIRA (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), which is a story about a group of young men in an American university in 1920. Among them is a youth of aggressive purity who averts his eyes from the blameless plaster statues on the campus and undresses in the dark. He is, in fact, the type of puritan who makes pornography profitable, and it is no surprise that he should choose to murder the first woman, unhappily a prostitute, who makes advances to him. These types exist, just as these crimes exist, but I couldn't help finding something a little absurd about the whole book. The translation by Denise Folliot, incidentally, is impeccable.

Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's new novel is, as might have been expected, extremely readable and, as seemed less likely, rather worldly. MRS. GAILEY (Cassell. 10s. 6d.) has a country setting, somewhere in East Sussex, I gathered, and the familiar country figures with the exotic names such as Chaffage and Vine and Ivory and Hightower, but with them is a group of people whose relationship with country life is spasmodic at the best. Among these is a cynical ex-beauty whose world collapsed in 1939, and a rather meaty blonde engaged, improbably, as secretary to a young lady-squire.

The strength of the story, as always with this author, is in the fact that each of the characters is entirely credible and that each of them behaves like a human being first, and a novelist's figure second.

The strength of Mr. Jack Jones's novel RIVER OUT OF EDEN (Hamish Hamilton. 15s.) is rather different, for this lies in the well-defined spirit of place that he has given his Cardiff story. Beginning in 1838 and ending 110 years later, the book traces the growth of Cardiff through the careers of some of its citizens, whether consistently rich and powerful like the Bute family, or attaining riches from poor beginnings as Irish dock labourers, like the fictional Regan family. Through it all, and it is a long and lusty novel, Mr. Jones retains his warmth of interest in people, and his unflagging variety of invention.

THE BRIGAND (Secker and Warburg. 9s. 6d.) is a tragic and yet not a depressing tale of Italy at the end of the war by that sensitive writer, Giuseppe Berto, who, in *The Sky Is Red*, wrote one of the war's best novels. The present story is of a hill village to which a soldier returns on compassionate leave because of the death of one of his relatives. He is befriended by a little boy and the boy's sister, still in her teens, who eventually elopes with the soldier when he is both a deserter and a prisoner escaped from a murder sentence. In spite of the grimness of the circumstances, there is something idyllic in the young love and in the faithful, childish friendship, and I think you will find it moving, as I did.

*The Windmill at Washington.*—Mr. Blair C. Redman, of Pulborough, Sussex, asks us to state that it was he and not Mr. E. N. Price (the present owner) who was responsible for the conversion of the windmill referred to in THE SPHERE of March 24, 1951. The converted windmill was Mr. Redman's home from 1919 to 1947.

# MAO

*Robert Payne's Biography of the Chinese Leader*

Mao Tse-tung was born in 1893 at a time when the fifty-six Imperial censors known as the erh mo kuan, "the eyes and the ears," still reported to China's Central Government and the vast panoply of the Imperial Court proclaimed the Manchu domination of the land. He has lived to see the Imperial buildings with the marble walls and the yellow-tiled roofs taken over by peasant armies of his own creation, and in this same Forbidden City of the Emperors he has made the great square in front of the Tien An Men the Red Square of the Chinese Communists. China, the sleeping giant, which Napoleon said would one day move the world, is at last astir, and Mao Tse-tung, scholar and guerilla general, with a taste for the Confucian classics, the son of a hard-bitten, hot-tempered Hunanese peasant, is now the undisputed ruler of more than 400,000,000 people, a vital force upon the continent of Asia. In MAO TSE-TUNG: RULER OF RED CHINA (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), Robert Payne has written what he chooses to call a study of the mind of this creator of a new dynasty, a dynasty which came into being so much more speedily than Mao and his lieutenants ever envisaged, because rifles, machine-guns, lorries and even tanks, all of American origin, fell into their possession in such extraordinary profusion as the corrupt regime of Chiang Kai-shek crumbled to nothingness upon the Chinese mainland. Robert Payne delves deep into the past to find the origins of the present revolution in China (notably in the Taiping rebellion), and the basis of Mao's thought, which has much to do with his long period as a librarian at the University of Peking. In the concluding chapters he traces the fundamental quarrel between Mao and Chiang to the two predominant streams of Chinese history, and he makes a revealing comparison with T. E. Lawrence, who also dreamed up a revolution from the quiet of a scholar's study. In these pages Mao emerges most heroically during the Long March, which already belongs to Chinese legend, when he was President of a provisional Government on the march, the leader of a people who, after the shattering defeat in the early '30's on the Fukien-Kiangsi border, journeyed 6,000 miles with an enemy hot on their heels to lay the foundations of the new nation amid the mountains of China's north-west. It was a time of splendour and misery, a miracle of human endurance, and the man who stood best the enormous strains of the journey was Mao himself. He observed at the time, with a kind of ironic detachment, that it was possible to live on nothing except a pious hope. Altogether, this is a well-written and far from conventional biography. Mr. Payne tends to make a hero of Mao, but upon the Communist cause he is generally silent, beyond indicating how small is the degree of Peking's subservience to the Kremlin. He sticks for the most part to the biographical task before him, and better so.

In TUDOR RENAISSANCE (Batsford. 21s.), James Lees-Milne has produced an erudite and readable account of what, in terms of architecture, the Renaissance in England consisted. Starting from the fundamental thesis that the revival of the classic concept in Europe first happened in the Italian peninsula, he concerns himself from the outset with the work of the Italians brought to England by Henry VIII, Pietro Torregiani and Benedetto de Rovezzano among them. Owing to the Reformation, however, the influx of Italian artists soon came to an end, and we see how under Elizabeth domestic building started again on a vast scale and the influence of the Low Countries began to be felt as never before, not only in the important contacts of Erasmus and More, but also through the pattern books of Vredeman de Vries and others, and through the personal visits of Hans Holbein. Mr. Lees-Milne's study of England's Early Renaissance, with its emphasis on the various foreign sources, is made rather from the country houses, which he describes as now on the brink of annihilation, than from the churches, which were largely the product of the Middle Ages. He has travelled widely up and down the country in search of material, as he says with pleasure and with profit, and the student of architecture cannot fail to find this result of that research most rewarding.

Three illustrated volumes of special interest in this Festival year, when so many visitors may be expected to want books of an introductory character relating to the English scene, are H. M. Tomlinson's LONDON RIVER (Cassell. 22s. 6d.). Kenneth Rittener's THE RIVER THAMES (Chapman and Hall. 12s. 6d.), and Barbara Hirschenhauser's THE CAMBRIDGE SCENE (Bowes and Bowes. 10s. 6d.). Mr. Rittener's photographic studies are to be particularly commended, for he has caught the atmosphere of the Thames from source to estuary. Mr. Tomlinson deals with the river from London Bridge to the sea. His admirable essays really need no photographs to adorn them, but some of Charles Tomlinson's pictures are masterly. The Tomlinsons record the busy reaches of the great river, whereas Mr. Rittener for the most part keeps to the more serene stretches above the tideway.

A notable reprint is Ivor Brown's THE HEART OF ENGLAND (Batsford. 21s.), in the British Heritage Series, which now appears in a third edition with a selection of new and appropriate illustrations.

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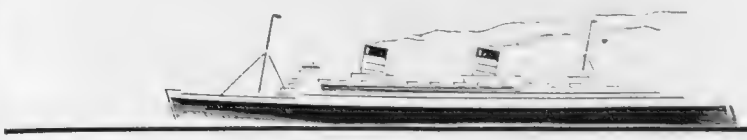

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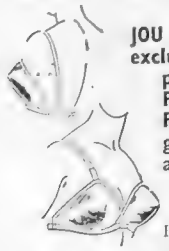

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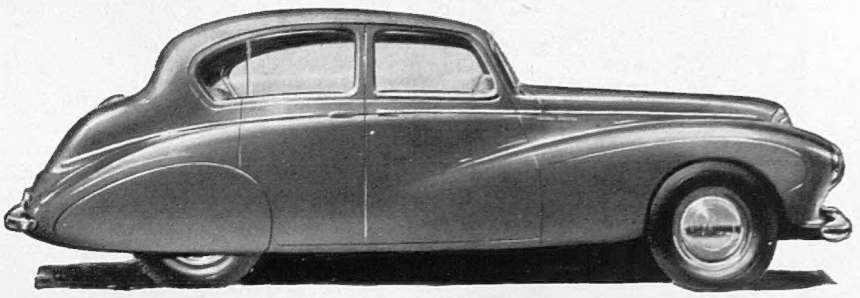

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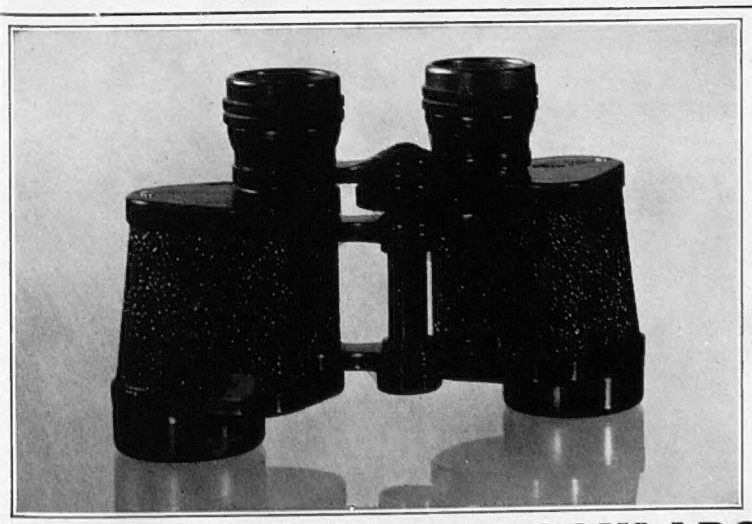

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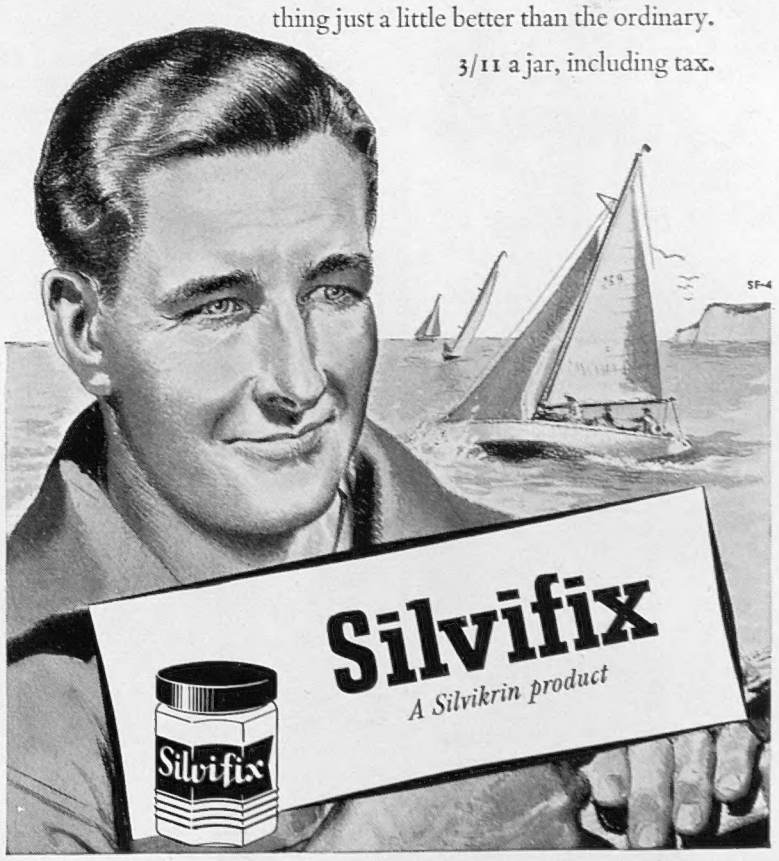

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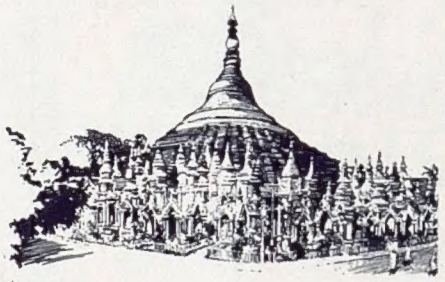

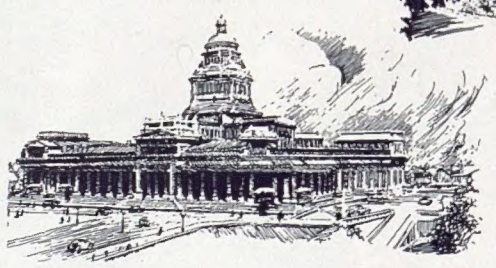

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